

THE
POETRY
OF
ANNA MATILDA.

Verse shall amuse, and Prose amend.

ANON.



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THE

BRITISH MUSEUM



THE
POETRY
OF
ANNA MATILDA.

CONTAINING
A TALE FOR JEALOUSY, || HER CORRESPONDENCE
THE FUNERAL, || WITH DELLA CRUSCA,
And several other poetical Pieces.

To which are added
RECOLLECTIONS,
Printed from
AN ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

Written by
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1788.



PREFACE.

IN this little Collection of POEMS, all those signed ANNA MATILDA, except the REPLY to REUBEN, have been before the Public. Desirous to have her name united with that of DELLA CRUSCA's, longer than the fleeting fame of Newspapers allows, ANNA MATILDA had begun to recall some fugitive trifles, in order to form them into a volume—when she saw the Poetry of DELLA CRUSCA, &c. advertised by Mr. Bell. This did not induce her to change her design, only the mode of it; and still wishing to be united with her favourite bard in a distinct publication, she offered his publisher her Poems, on condition of their being form'd into a volume, similar to his—the offer was accepted.

Not having, however, Poetry enough to form such a volume, she was persuaded to enrich it with some curious PROSE—written “in other times.” The Fragment subjoined to the Poems, is from the autograph of the famous Sir William Waller; an important Actor in the busy drama of the last

PREFACE.

century. The manuscript has been preserved in a family to which its Editor is allied, and who are pleased at an opportunity of making their treasure public; how then can ANNA MATILDA fear for her poetic existence, when it is protected on the one hand by the best Lyric of the present age, and on the other by one of the most pious men, and greatest Warriors of the last?



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WRITTEN THE MORNING AFTER

ANNA MATILDA's

RETURN FROM A FRIEND's HOUSE,

Close on the verge of

WINDSOR FOREST.

HAVE I then left you, sweet Hygeian bowers—
Oh! have I left you *friendship's holy hours*?
Why are ye vanish'd, dear inviting shades?
Why ceas'd, the cheering music of your glades?

Not *that* which on the surging æther floats,
Or trembles in the linnet's gurgling notes;—
But that which gives you *Harriet's* polish'd mind,
Her sense reflective, and her taste refin'd;
That, which your venerable Dryads love,
When midst their haunts they see her graceful move;
That which adorns the clearest, strongest sense,
And clothes in lightest dress, the thought intense.

INVOCATION.

Written on a very hot day, in August 1783.

COOLING zephyrs haste away,
Round my humid temples play ;
Groves and grotts in pity leave,
On my fainting bosom breathe !
Skim, as you pass, your silken wings
O'er gurgling founts, and glassy springs.
Oh! come from Greenland's icy plains,
Where silver Winter constant reigns ;
Or from the Arctic, higher fly
Thro' the chill Norwegian sky——
Turn not to Gallia's sunny vales,
Nor mix with yours Italia's gales,
Strait o'er the northern ocean sweep,
Where pearls the frozen Naiads weep;
But on high Grampia's fleecy top,
Where kids, the gelid herbage crop,

There zephyr touch!—then, with new wing
Fresh from its chilly caverns spring:
Oh ! linger not, midst England's fields,
Nor taste the sweets the garden yields ;
Heed not our meadows' gaudy charms,
But dart, with vigour, to my arms !

ADDRESS TO
TWO CANDLES.

"No subject so mean, that Poetry cannot elevate, and render
"interesting."

ANON.

At a Cottage on an eminence, ANNA MATILDA had ordered the Candles to be removed from the Window, but the Night was dark; and recollecting the situation, she replaced, and thus addressed them:—

BURN—lucid tapers! fiercer burn!
Refine each ray to purer light,
Pervade the circumambient air
And pierce the closest robe of Night!

Why faintly glow your spiral fires,
Whilst Charity invokes your beams?
Why, inauspicious to my prayer,—
Still faint and fainter are your gleams?

Oh think, that on the distant heath,
Whose canopy's a *sombre* sky,
Some weary traveller may roam——
No hut, no guide, no shelter nigh!

Perhaps, an aged parent tries
To find amidst the thick'ning shades
Her doubtful path;—perhaps a child
Bemoans, forlorn, in yonder glades.

Your *honest* light they need not dread,
No *ignis* false instructs your ray
To guide amiss their trembling feet,
Or lure them from th' intended way.

No vapour gross your fulgence feeds;
From *snowy wax* your flame is drawn,
By virgin bees extracted pure
From ev'ry sweet that decks the lawn.

The rose, the violet, and the thyme
That scent the Morning's dewy shower,
Combin'd their aromatic gifts,
And form'd ye for the present hour.

Then, gentle tapers! brisker burn,
Dart with new vigour thro' the night;
Tinge ev'ry ray with brighter hues,
And pour them on the wand'rer's sight!

ON
SEEING THE PALETTE

OF A
CELEBRATED PAINTER.

THIS wild chaotic mass of every dye,
Where principles of beauteous *order* lie,
Is sure an emblem of the scene,
When out of dark confusion sprung
The variegated orb terrene,
And in the solar system hung.

Soon as the mighty artist gives the sign,
This formless mass, as at the word divine,
Shall regulate its shade and light,
Harmonious move as he shall will—
Its tints divide, or else unite,
Obedient to his powerful skill.

And as the GLORIOUS VISION fills his mind,
They, to its plastic impulse all resign'd,
 Shall into prospects vast expand——
Foaming, in surfy billows rise,
 Then stretch their velvet into land,
Then bid their radiance stream—in skies.

In-cumbrous Alps ascend, whose tops explore
Regions, where day-ey'd eagles fear to soar;
 Or in the soft jonquil unfold,
Midst the low beauties of the vale,
 Her robe of imitative gold,
Which loads with sweets the dancing gale.

In distant forests spread th' inviting brown,
Or hide, with spikey furze, the barren down——
 Then, tumbling from the flinty rock,
In white meanders lead the eye;
 And then the eye's keen search to mock
Thro' some time-fretted cavern fly.

Richly festoon'd in luscious purple shine,
Extending o'er the slope the neet'rous vine,
 Or in the gaudy spheroids swell,
Which the swart Indian's groves illumel,
 Or dye the spicey nonpareil,
Or the soft peach's stain assume.

Yet more—he wills, and from the palette starts
The form divine—of soul illumin'd parts!

Here springs a HEBE, there a SAGE,
Here HEROES from the mass break forth,
There the soft LAIS of the age,
From hence, the CÆSAR of the North.

Oh wondrous science! first of arts among!
And do those mighty powers to thee belong?
Here—here then, POETRY, thy numbers bring,
Here MUSIC strike thy sweetly trembling string!
Creative PAINTING asks th' adoring knee,
Who, tho' a sister call'd, shall hence your Sov'reign
be.

THE
FUNERAL.

THE paper black'd a full inch deep,
At every corner seem'd to weep ;
The seal with fearful speed was broke,
When thus the Writer sadly spoke :—
“ Oh Charles, belov'd ! my dear is dead,
“ And every bliss for ever fled ;
“ You and your wife, her constant friend,
“ Her fun'ral rites must now attend.”

The day approach'd ; the solemn bell
In dismal notes rang Laura's knell ;
Charles and his mate in blackness clad,
With rueful thoughts and faces sad
Saw her interr'd—heard “ *dust to dust,*”
And cry'd—to this all come, and must.
The coaches now in sad array
Pace back the mournful late trod way ;
Whilst floating plumes on shoulders borne,
The dusty lanes and streets adorn.

The widower sad, alone they found,
In sable length upon the ground.
His consolation, Charles essay'd,
And many a weary moment stay'd ;
From Scripture cull'd a sacred store,
And drain'd, from heathenish learned lore,
All that was ever thought or said
To prove we can't call back the dead ;
He sooth'd his tears at ev'ry gush,
And saw at length his sorrows hush.
Oh ! Charles, James cried, thou'rt very kind !
This shall live long within my mind ;——
How shall the friendship I repay
Thou'st prov'd upon this mournful day
Which tore my dearest wife away
And placed her with her kindred clay ?
Charles rub'd his cheek, and thus replied,
With head a little turn'd aside——
Why, dearest James, thou shalt to me
Be just the friend I've been to thee ;
Would Fate grant that, 'tis all I ask,
Be *mine* the SORROW, *thine* the TASK !

[In the following Correspondence, which has occasioned much notice, it has been suggested that there has been some collusion; ---ANNA MATILDA, therefore, declares that tho' she has lately guessed at DELLA CRUSCA, she is yet uncertain as to his name and rank, and she is persuaded that he cannot have the most distant idea of her's.

The beautiful lines of the ADIEU AND RECALL struck her so forcibly, that without rising from the table at which she read, she answered them. DELLA CRUSCA's elegant Reply surprised her into another, and thus the Correspondence most unexpectedly became settled. ANNA MATILDA's share in it has little to boast; but she has one claim of which she is proud---That of having been the first to point out the excellence of Della Crusca; if there can be merit in discerning what is so very obvious.]

THE
ADIEU AND RECALL

TO
LOVE.

Go, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r;
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r;
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;
The feign'd surprize, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
So fare thee well, for I am free!

Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,
Or on *Louisa's* breast repose :
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;
No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice ;
And e'en thy song, *sweet Bird of Eve!*
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
No more with devious step I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dews ;
To drink the spirit of the breeze,
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;
Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the Night,
That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
Alas! is all this boasted ease,
To lose each warm desire to please,
No sweet solicitude to know
For others bliss, for others woe,

A frozen apathy to find,
A sad vacuity of mind?
O hasten back, then, idle Boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
Return with all thy torments here,
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO
DELLA CRUSCA.

THE PEN.

O! SEIZE again thy golden quill,
And with its point my bosom thrill;
With magic touch explore my heart,
And bid the tear of passion start.
Thy golden quill APOLLO gave——
Drench'd first in bright Aonia's wave:
He snatch'd it flutt'ring thro' the sky,
Borne on the vapour of a sigh:
It fell from *Cupid's* burnish'd wing
As forcefully he drew the string
Which sent his keenest, surest dart
Thro' a rebellious frozen heart;
That had till then defy'd his pow'r,
And vacant beat thro' each dull hour.

Be worthy then the sacred loan!
Seated on Fancy's air-built throne,
Immerse it in her rainbow hues,
Nor, what the Godheads bid, refuse!

APOLLO, CUPID, shall inspire,
And aid thee with their blended fire,
The *one* poetic language give,
The *other* bid thy passion live;
With soft ideas fill thy lays,
And crown with LOVE thy wint'ry days!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

I know thee well, enchanting Maid!
I've mark'd thee in the silent glade,
I've seen thee on the mountain's height,
I've met thee in the storms of night:
I've view'd thee on the wild beach run
To gaze upon the setting sun;
Then stop aghast, his ray no more,
To hear th' impetuous surge's roar.
Hast thou not stood with rapt'rous eye
To trace the starry worlds on high,
T'observe the moon's weak crescent throw
O'er hills, and woods, a glimm'ring glow:
Or, all beside some wizard stream,
To watch its undulating beam?

O well thy form divine I know——
When youthful errors brought me woe;
When all was dreary to behold,
And many a bosom-friend grew cold;

Thou, thou unlike the summer crew
That from my adverse fortune flew,
Cam'st with melodious voice, to cheer
My throbbing heart, and check the tear.
From thee I learnt, 'twas vain to scan
The low ingratitude of Man;
Thou bad'st me Fancy's wilds to rove,
And seek th' ecstatic bow'r of Love.
When on his couch I threw me down,
I saw thee weave a myrtle crown,
And blend it with the shining hair
Of *her*, the Fairest of the Fair.
For this, may ev'ry wand'ring gale
The essence of the rose exhale,
And pour the fragrance on thy breast,
And gently fan thy charms to rest.
Soon as the purple slumbers fly
The op'ning radiance of thine eye,
Strike, strike again the magic lyre,
With all thy pathos, all thy fire;
With all that sweetly-warbled grace,
Which proves thee of celestial race.
O then, in varying colours drest,
And living glory stand confest,
Shake from thy locks ambrosial dew,
And thrill each pulse of joy a-new;
With glowing ardours rouse my soul,
And bid the tides of Passion roll.

But think no longer in disguise,
To screen thy beauty from mine eyes;
Nor deign a borrow'd name to use,
For well I know—thou art *the* MUSE!

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

THOU bidst!—" *my purple slumbers fly*"
Day's radiance pours upon my eye.
I wake—I live! the sense o'er pays
The trivial griefs of early days.
What! tho' the rose-bud on my cheek
Hath shed its leaves, which late so sleek,
Spoke youth, and joy—and careless thought,
By guilt, or fear, or shame un-smote,
My *blooming soul* is yet in youth,
Its lively sense attests the truth.

O! I can wander yet, and taste
The beauties of the flow'ry waste;
The nightingale's deep swell can feel,
Whilst from my lids the soft drops steal;
Rapt! gaze upon the gem-deck'd night,
And mark the clear moon's silent flight;
Whilst the slow river's crumpled wave
Repeats the quiv'ring beams she gave.

Nor yet, the pencil strives in vain,
To wake upon the canvas plain,
All the strong passions of the mind,
Or hint the sentiment refin'd;
To its sweet magic yet I bow,
As when Youth deck'd my polish'd brow.
The chisel's feath'ry touch to trace,
Thro' the nerv'd form, or soften'd grace,
Is lent me still. Still I admire,
And kindle at the Poet's fire——
My torch, at *Della Crusca's* light,
And distant, follow his superior flight.

O Time! since these are left me still,
Of *lesser thefts* e'en take thy fill:
Yes, steal the lustre from my eye,
And bid the soft Carnation fly;
My tresses sprinkle with thy snow,
Which boasted once the *auburn glow*;
Warp the slim form that was ador'd
By him, so lov'd, my *bosom's LORD*——
But leave me, when all these you steal,
The mind to *taste*, the nerve to *feel*!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO
ANNA MATILDA.

AND art thou then, alas! like me,
OFFSPRING of *frail mortality*?
Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface
Each lovely feature's varying grace?
And must tow'rs earth that form incline,
And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?
Yet, when with icy hand he throws,
Amongst thine *auburn locks*, his snows,
The freezing influence ne'er shall dart,
To chill thy warmly-beating heart;
And scorning Death's oblivious hour,
Thou shalt exult—beyond his pow'r.

Methinks, as Passion drives along,
As frantic grown, I feel thy Song;
Eager I'd traverse LYBIA's plain,
The tawny Lion's dread domain
To meet thee there: nor flagging *Fear*,
Should ever on my cheek appear:
For e'en the Forest's King obeys
Majestic WOMAN's potent gaze.

Or, left on some resourceless shore,
Where never-ceasing billows roar ;
Which teeming clouds, and heavy hail,
And furious hurricanes assail,
Far to the Pole—while half the year,
On Ebon throne sits NIGHT severe ;
And to her solitary court,
Sea-fowl, and monsters fierce resort——
E'en *there*, MATILDA ! there with thee,
Impending horrors all should flee ;
Thy lustre of poetic ray,
Should wake an artificial day.

Sure thou wast never doom'd to know
What pangs from care, and danger flow ;
But fairest scenes thy thoughts employ,
And Art, and Science, bring thee joy.
The quick'ning sense, the throb divine,
Fancy, and Feeling, all are thine ;
'Tis thine, by blushing Summer led,
A show'r of roses round thee shed,
To hie thee forth at Morn's advance,
In wild excess of rapt'rous trance ;
And see the Sun's proud deluge stream,
In copious tides of golden beam ;
While faint his *Sister-Orb* on high,
Fades to a vapour of the sky.

When gradual evening comes, to hide,
In sabling shades, CREATION's *pride*;
When heaving hills, and forests drear,
And less'ning towns, but scarce appear;
While the last ling'ring western glow,
Hangs on the lucid lake below;
Then trivial joys (I deem) forgot,
Thou lov'st to seek the humble cot,
To scatter Comfort's balm around,
And heal pale Poverty's deep wound;
Drive sickness from the languid bed,
Raise the lorn Widow's drooping head;
Render the new-made Mother blest,
And snatch the Infant to thy breast.

O ANNA, then, if true thou say,
Thy radiant beauties steal away,
Yet shall I never fail to find
Eternal beauties in thy mind.
To those I offer up my vows,
And Love, which Virtue's self allows;
Unknown, again thou art ador'd,
As once by him, thy "*bosom's Lord*."

DELLA CRUSCA.

ELEGY,

Written on the
PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

CHILL blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand
Draws in the West her dusky veil away;
A deeper shadow steals along the land,
And NATURE muses at the DEATH of DAY!

Near this bleak Waste no friendly mansion rears
Its walls, where Mirth, and social joys resound,
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,
While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizzling show'r, I sigh sincere;
I cast a fond look tow'rs my native home,
And think what valiant BRITONS perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When carnage here her crimson toil began;
When Nations' Standards wav'd in threat'ning state,
And Man the murd'rer met the murd'rer Man.

For WAR is MURDER, tho' the voice of Kings
Has styl'd it Justice, styl'd it Glory too!
Yet from worst motives, fierce Ambition springs,
And there, fix'd Prejudice is all we view!

But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
Some NAT'RAL CAUSE prevails, we cannot see,
And that is FATE, which we *Ambition* call.

O let th' aspiring Warrior think with grief,
That as produc'd by CHYMIC art refin'd;—
So glitt'ring CONQUEST, from the *laurel leaf*
Extracts a GEN'RAL POISON for Mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These morbid rains; these gelid gales to meet;
And mourn, like me, the ravages of Pow'r!
And feel, like me, that Vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
My feeble Verse with many a sounding Name;
Of such, the mercenary Bard may tell,
And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise
That cheats the World, whene'er she deigns to sing;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the Poor Soldier, as the Mighty King!

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
How BRITAIN more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,
Where LOUIS stood, where stalk'd the column slow;
I turn from these, and DWELL UPON THE DEAD.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,
Why should they seek for greatness in the grave?
Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in War the Brave excell,—
To VALOUR EV'RY VIRTUE IS ALLIED!
Here faithful friendship 'mid the Battle fell,
And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins,
Bath'd in moist sorrow, many a beauteous face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues,
Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar
Shoots the bright PLANET's sanguinary ray
That bears thy name, FICTITIOUS LORD OF WAR!
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then FONTENOY, farewell! Yet much I fear,
(Wherever chance my course compells) to find
Discord and Blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,
“The noise of battle hurtles in the wind.”

From barb'rous *Turkey* to *Britannia's* shore,
Opposing int'rests into rage increase;
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace?

DELLA CRUSCA.

STANZAS

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

HUSH'D, be each ruder note!—soft silence spread,
With ermine hand, thy cobweb robe around;
Attention! pillow my reclining head,
Whilst eagerly I catch the golden sound.

Ha! What a tone was that, which floating near,
Seem'd Harmony's full soul—*whose* is the lyre?
Which seizing thus on my enraptur'd ear,
Chills with its force, yet melts me with its fire.

Ah dull of heart! thy Minstrel's touch not know,
What Bard but DELLA CRUSCA boasts such skill?
From him alone, those melting notes can flow—
He, only knows adroitly thus to trill.

Well have I left the Groves, which sighing wave
Amidst November's blast their naked arms,
Whilst their red leaves fall flutt'ring to their grave,
And give again to dust May's vernal charms.

Well have I left the air-embosom'd hills,
Where sprightly Health in verdant buskin plays;
Forsaken fallow meads, and circling mills, [strays.
And thyme-dress'd heaths, where the soft flock yet

Obscuring smoak, and air impure I greet,
With the coarse din that Trade and Folly form,
For here the Muse's Son again I meet——
I catch *his* notes amidst the vulgar storm.

His notes now bear me, pensive, to the Plain,
Cloth'd by a verdure drawn from Britain's heart;
Whose heroes bled superior to their pain,
Sunk, crown'd with glory, and contemn'd the smart.

Soft, as he leads me round th' ensanguin'd fields,
The laurel'd shades forsake their grassy tomb,
The bursting sod its palid inmate yields,
And o'er th' immortal waste their spirits roam.

Obedient to the Muse the acts revive
Which Time long past had veil'd from mortal ken,
Embattled squadrons rush, as when alive,
And *shadowy* falchions gleam o'er *shadowy* men.

Ah, who art thou, who thus with frantic air
Fly'st fearless to support that bleeding youth;
Binds his deep gashes with thy glowing hair,
And diest beside him, to attest thy truth?

"His Sister I; an orphan'd pair, we griev'd
"For Parents long at rest within the grave,
"By a false Guardian of our wealth bereav'd——
"The little ALL parental care could save.

"Chill look'd the world, and chilly grew our hearts,
"Oh! where shall Poverty expect a smile?
"Gross, lawless Love, assumed its ready arts,
"And all beset was I, with Fraud and Guile.

"My Henry sought the war, and drop'd the tears
"Of love fraternal as he bade farewell;
"But fear, soon made me rise *above* my fears——
"I follow'd——and Fate tolls our mutual knell."

Chaste Maiden rest; and brighter spring the green
That decorates the turf thy bloom will feed!
And oh, in softest mercy 'twas I ween,
To worth like thine, a Brother's grave's decreed.

The dreadful shriek of Death now darts around,
The hollow winds repeat each tortur'd sigh,
Deep bitter groans, still deeper groans resound,
Whilst Fathers, Brothers, Lovers, Husbands die!

Turn from this spot, blest Bard ! thy mental eye ;
To hamlets, cities, empires bend its beam !
'Twill there such multiplying deaths descry,
That all before thee'll but an abstract seem.

Why waste thy tears o'er this contracted Plain ?
The sky which canopies the sons of breath,
Sees the whole Earth one scene of mortal pain,
The vast, the universal BED OF DEATH !

Where, do not Husbands, Fathers, dying moan ?
Where, do not Mothers, Sisters, Orphans weep ?
Where, is not heard the last expiring groan,
Or the deep throttle of the deathful Sleep !

If, as Philosophy doth often muse,
A state of war, is natural state to man,
Battle's the SICKNESS bravery would choose——
Noblest DISEASE in Nature's various plan !

Let vulgar souls stoop to the fever's rage,
Or slow, beneath pale atrophy depart,
With Gout and Scrophula *weak* variance wage,
Or sink, with sorrow cank'ring at the heart ;

These, be to common Minds, th' unwish'd decree!
The FIRM select an illness more sublime;

By languid pains, scorn their high souls to free,
But seek the Sword's swift edge, and spurn at Time.

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

ON the sea-shore with folded arms I stood,
The Sun, just sinking, shot a level ray,
Luxuriant crimson glow'd upon the flood,
And the curl'd surf was ting'd with golden spray.

Far of I faintly track'd the feath'ry sail;
When thy sweet numbers caught my yielded ear,
Borne on the bosom of the flutt'ring gale,
They struck my heart—and rous'd me to a tear.

Yet flow'd no bitter anguish from mine eye,
A while remembrance left my wayward state;
And the soft cadence of thy warbled sigh,
Pour'd healing balm into the wounds of Fate.

What tho' grim Winter's desolating frown,
The wild waves uproar when rough *Eurus* blows,
The tangled forest, and the desert down,
Be all the solace DELLA CRUSCA knows:

D

Yet from MATILDA's pure celestial fire,
One ruby spark shall to his gloom be given,
Lur'd by its light, his fancy may aspire,
And catch a ray of bliss—a glimpse of Heaven.

Vain in the morn of life, and thoughtless too,
He rush'd impetuous as strong passion drove,
But soon each flatt'ring prospect fled his view,
Deceived by Friendship much, but more by Love.

Yes, he has lov'd to Transport's dire excess,
Has felt the potent eye inflict the wound ;
Has felt the female voice each pulse oppress,
And grown a breathless statue at the sound.

But why recall the moments that are fled ?
For ever fled, like yonder sweeping blast ;
With Love, each active principle is dead,
And all, except its sad regret, is past.

Ah ! had he met thee in this happier hour,
Ere yet he languish'd in the gripe of Care,
Thy minstrel then had fondly own'd thy pow'r,
Thy minstrel then might have escap'd Despair.

O diff'rent lot ! for he who daily grieves,
Then with thy beauty blest, and gen'rous mind,
Had not, like fallow Autumn's falling leaves,
Been shrunk, alas ! and scatter'd in the wind.

Haply, he had not roam'd for ling'ring years
On many a rugged Alp, and foreign shore;
He ne'er had known the cause of all his tears,
The cherish'd cause, that bids him—hope no more.

He would have led thee with attentive gaze,
Where the brown hamlet's neighb'ring shades retire,
Have hung entranc'd upon thy living lays,
And swept with *feebler* hand a *kindred* lyre.

While the *dear Songstress* had melodious stole
O'er ev'ry sense, and charm'd each nerve to rest,
Thy Bard, in silent ecstasy of soul,
Had strain'd the *dearer Woman* to his breast.

Or had she said, that *War's the worthiest grave*,
He would have felt his proud heart burn the while;
Have dar'd, perhaps, to rush among the brave,
Have gain'd, perhaps, the glory—of a smile.

And 'tis most true, while Time's relentless hand,
With sickly grasp drags *others* to the tomb,
The Soldier scorns to wait the dull command,
But springs impatient to a nobler doom.

Tho' on the plain *he* lies, outstretch'd, and pale,
Without one friend his stedfast eyes to close;
Yet on his honour'd corse shall many a gale,
Waft the moist fragrance of the weeping rose.

O'er that dread spot, the melancholy Moon
Shall pause a while, a sadder beam to shed,
And starry Night, amidst her awful noon,
Sprinkle light dews upon his hallow'd head.

There too the solitary Bird shall swell
With long-drawn melody her plaintive throat ;
While distant Echo from responsive cell,
Shall oft with fading force return the note.

Such recompense be Valour's due alone !
To me, no proffer'd meed must e'er belong ;
To me, who trod the vale of life unknown,
Whose proudest boast was but an idle song.

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO
DELLA CRUSCA.

I HATE the tardy Elegiac lay—
Choose me a measure jocund as the day !
Such days as near the ides of June
Meet the Lark's elab'rate tune,
When his downy fringed breast
Ambitious on a cloud to rest
He soars aloft; and from his gurgling throat
Darts to the earth the piercing note—
Which softly falling with the dews of morn
(That bless the scented pink, and snowy thorn)
Expands upon the Zephyr's wing, [sing.
And wakes the burnish'd finch, and linnet sweet to

And be thy lines irregular and free,
Poetic chains should fall before such Bards as thee.
Scorn the dull laws that pinch thee round,
Raising about thy verse a mound, }
O'er which thy Muse, so lofty ! dares not bound. }
Bid her in verse meand'ring sport ;
Her footsteps quick, or long, or short,
Just as her various impulse wills— [chills.
Scorning the frigid square, which her fine fervor

And in thy verse meand'ring wild,
Thou, who art FANCY's favourite Child,
May'st sweetly paint the long past hour,
When, the slave of Cupid's power,
Thou could'st the tear of rapture weep,
And feed on Agony, and banish Sleep.

Ha! *didst* thou, favour'd mortal, taste
All that adorns our life's dull waste?
Hast THOU known Love's enchanting pain—
Its hopes, its woes, *and yet complain?*
Thy senses, at a voice, been lost,
Thy mad'ning soul in tumults tost?
Ecstatic wishes fire thy brain—
These, hast thou known, *and yet complain?*
Thou then deserv'st ne'er more to FEEL;—
Thy nerves be rigid, hence, as steel!
Their fine vibrations all destroy'd,
Thy future days a tasteless void!
Ne'er shalt thou know again to sigh,
Or, on a soft idea die;
Ne'er on a *recollection* gasp,
Thy arms, the air-drawn charmer, never grasp.

Vapid Content her poppies round thee strew,
Whilst to the bliss of TASTE thou bidst adieu!
To vulgar *comforts* be thou hence confin'd,
And the shrunk bays be from thy brow untwin'd.

Thy statue torn from Cupid's hallow'd nitch,
But in return thou shalt be dull, and rich;
The Muses hence disown thy rebel lay——
But thou, in *Aldermanic* gown, their scorn repay;
Crimson'd, and furr'd, the highest honours dare,
And on thy laurels tread—a PLUMP LORD MAYOR!

ANNA MATILDA.

INVOCATION

TO
HORROR.

FAR be remov'd each painted scene!
What is to *me* the sapphire sky?
What is to *me* the earth's soft dye?
Or fragrant vales which sink between
Those velvet hills? yes, there I see——
(Why do those beauties burst on me?)
Pearl-dropping groves bow to the sun;
Seizing his beams, bright rivers run
That dart redoubled day:
Hope ye vain scenes to catch the mind
To torpid sorrow all resign'd,
Or bid my heart be gay?
False are those hopes!—I turn—I fly,
Where no enchantment meets the eye,
Or soft ideas stray.

HORROR! I call thee from the mould'ring tower,
The murky church-yard, and forsaken bower,

Where, 'midst unwholesome damps
The vap'ry gleamy lamps
Of *ignes fatui* shew the thick-wove night,
Where morbid MELANCHOLY sits,
And weeps, and sings, and raves by fits,
And to her bosom strains the fancied sprite.

Or, if amidst the arctic gloom,
Thou toilest at thy sable loom,
Forming the hideous phantoms of Despair——
Instant thy grisly labours leave,
With raven wing the concave cleave,
Where floats, self-borne, the dense nocturnal air.

Oh! bear me to th' impending cliff
Under whose brow the dashing skiff
Beholds *Thee* seated on thy rocky throne;
There, 'midst the shrieking wild wind's roar,
Thy influence, HORROR, I'll adore,
And, at thy magic touch, congeal to stone.

Oh! hide the Moon's obtrusive orb,
The gleams of ev'ry star absorb,
And let CREATION be a moment thine!
Bid billows dash; let whirlwinds roar,
And the stern, rocky-pointed shore,
The stranded bark, back to the waves resign!

Then, whilst from yonder turbid cloud,
Thou roll'st thy thunders long, and loud,
And light'nings flash upon the deep below,
Let the *expiring Seaman's* cry,
The *Pilot's* agonizing sigh
Mingle, and in the dreadful chorus flow !

HORROR ! far back thou dat'st thy reign ;
Ere *KINGS* th' *historic page* could stain
With records black, or deeds of lawless power ;
Ere empires *Alexanders* curst,
Or Faction, mad'ning *Cæsars* nurst,
The frightened World receiv'd thy awful dower !

Whose pen *JEHOVAH's* self inspir'd ;
He, who in eloquence attir'd,
Led *Israel's squadrons* o'er the earth,
Grandly terrific, paints thy birth.

Th' *ALMIGHTY*, 'midst his fulgent seat on high,
Where glowing *Seraphs* round his footstool fly,
Beheld the wanton cities of the plain,
With acts of deadly name his laws disdain ;
He gave th' irrevocable sign,
Which mark'd to man the hate divine ;
And sudden from the starting sky
The Angels of his wrath bid fly !

Then, HORROR ! thou presided'st o'er the whole,
And fill'd, and rapt, each self-accusing soul !
Thou did'st ascend to guide the burning shower—
On THEE th' Omnipotent bestow'd the hour !

'Twas thine to scourge the sinful land,
'Twas thine to toss the fiery brand ;
Beneath thy glance the temples fell,
And mountains crumble at thy yell.
ONCE MORE thou'lt triumph in a fiery storm ;
ONCE MORE the Earth behold thy direful form ;
Then shalt thou seek, as holy prophets tell,
Thy *native throne* amidst th' *eternal shades of HELL!*

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

TO THEE a *Stranger* dares address his theme!
To Thee, proud Mistress of *Apollo's* lyre;
One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
Prompted by LOVE, wou'd "*set the World on fire.*"

Adorn then LOVE, in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
Camelion like, anon of various hue;
By "*Penserosa*," and "*Allegro*" drest—
Such Genius claim'd, when she *Idalia* drew.

I see the Pencil on the canvas shine!
REYNOLDS admires!—in Science then proceed;
The name of *Poet*, *Painter*, both are thine,
We view the *speaking painting*—as we read.
Paris.

REUBEN.

TO
REUBEN.

MIDST the proud fervor of the day,
Whilst the sun darts a torrid ray,
The humble daisy sinks its head,
And faints upon its lowly bed;
But when moist eve hath quench'd his fire,
And treads the fields in cool attire,
The daisy spreads again her bloom,
And offers up her mild perfume.

Thus your resuscitating praise,
Breathed life upon my dying lays.
REYNOLDS ADMIRES! flatt'ry so sweet
With blushing vanity I meet,
But Bard polite! how hard the task
Which with such elegance you ask.
When DIDO bad ENEAS tell
The woes he knew to paint so well——
Did he not tell the queen, she tore
His closing wounds, and drew fresh gore,

From stabs that time had almost heal'd?—
Such, REUBEN, such, the thorn conceal'd,
Within your verses' flow'ry spell,
Which barb'rous! dares my pen compel.

Yet how *describe* the various god,
T'whom Proteus' self's a heavy clod?
Differing in each differing heart,
Scorning to play a constant part.
A tyger!—tyrant!—such is he,
Whom painted with *bandeau* you see,
With downy wings, and childish face,
As though of the blest Cherub's race—
But oh! a serpent in disguise,
And as the lynx, his piercing eyes!
A raging fire, a deadly pain,
That gentlest heart-strings most will strain;
A fever, tempest, madness he—
Of all life's ills—A DREAD EPITOME!

Ha! dost thou fear, and wilt thou run?
The little monster try to shun?
And wilt thou, REUBEN, too succeed—
And shall thy bosom never bleed;
Never his poison'd rankling dart
Quiver within thy tender heart?
Oh, hapless man!—oh, wretched fate!
Fly to Love's altar ere too late,

And deprecate the doom accurst,
Or bid that heart with sorrow burst.
Welcome the deadly fiery pain,
That gentlest heart-strings most will strain——
MADNESS IS HIS—but 'tis replete
With all that makes life's blessings sweet;——
A TYRANT he, but oh! his chains
Are richer than an empire's gains!
Sweet, the delirium which by love is spread,
Whate'er the paths his raptur'd vot'ries tread!
He paints the mist which hangs upon the eve,
With colours dearer than the Sun can give;
'Tis he who lends the nightingale its trills,
When her rich pipe the Empyrean fills,
 Oh, 'tis the softness in his heart
Which makes the Lover in her song take part,
 And faint upon each touching pause,
 And lengthen out each added clause,
 Till rapt attention, strain'd too high,
Rolls down its gushing tear, and breathes its gentle
 sigh.

Charming to Love is MORNING's hour,
When, from her chrystal roseate tower,
She sees the Goddess HEALTH pursue
The skimming breeze thro' fields of dew:
Charming, the flaming hour of noon,
When the sunk Linnet's fading tune,

Allures him to the beechy grove——
Or when some crag'd grotesque alcove
Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,
And tempts him to its moss-grown sill;
Most charm'd when on his tranced mind
Is *wisper'd* in the passing wind,
The name of her, whose name is bliss;
Or when he all unseen can kiss
The fringed bank where late she lay,
Hidden from th' imperious day.

Oh, ye rapt glades, which glist'ring Luna decks,
Whose stretching shadows her refulgence checks!
Oh, ye soft floods, that hang upon the peak
Of lofty rocks, and bound in wanton freak,
Where thirsty meads your rushing streamlets crave,
And crowd their flowers around to drink your wave—
What are ye all, should Love withhold the dart,
Which wakes nice feelings in the torpid heart?
Where is the heart, that would such feelings fly,
Or fear th' enchanting, MAD'NING CUP to try?

Must I speak *more* of love? the boundless theme
Might run beyond the edge of life's short dream:
His spells are blessings——witch'ries so sublime
They triumph o'er distress, and fate, and time.
Wouldst ask the *joys* of love?—Oh! change the prayer,
Thou little know'st his power, to fasten there!

Let the mean bosom crave its *love's return*,
Thine shall with more distinguish'd ardors burn:
To *know* the passion—yes, be that thy strain,
Invoke the god of the mysterious pain!
Whate'er thy nature—gentle, fiery, rough—
To LOVE—learn but TO LOVE—and thou hast bliss
enough!

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE

TO

INDIFFERENCE.

OH nymph, long sought, of placid mien,
With careless step, and brow serene!
I woo thee from the tufted bowers,
Where listless pass thy easy hours——
Or, if a *Naiade* of the silver wave
Thou rather lov'st thy pearly limbs to lave
In some clear lake, whose fascinating face
Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace!
Or, if beneath the gelid rock
Thy smiles all human sorrows mock,
Where'er thou art, in earth or air,
Oh! come, and chase the *fiend* DESPAIR!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green
Roving, by *vulgar* eyes unseen?
Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance
When Evening's soften'd glows advance?

Dear Goddess, yes! and whilst the Rustic's mirth
Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols birth,
Supine, I've found thee in the elm-row's shade,
Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,

Who, chary of their golden spoils,
Finish their fragrant, rosy toils,
With rest-inviting, slumb'rous song,
As to their waxen couch they throng.

Chaste Nymph! the Temple let me seek
Where thou resid'st in lustre meek;
My future life to thee I give——
Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!

'Tis true, no *glowing bliss* thy vot'ries know,
From thee no poignant ecstasy can flow,
But oh! thou shield'st the heart from rankling pain,
And Mis'ry strikes, when bless'd with thee, in vain;

Wan *Jealousy's* empoisoning tooth,
And *Love*, which feeds upon our youth,
And holy *Friendship's* broken tie,
Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.

For thee, it is, all Nature blooms,
For thee, the Spring new charms assumes,
Nor *vainly* flings her blossoms round,
Nor *vainly* bids her groves resound;
Her music, colours, odours, all are thine,
To thee her months their richest gifts consign;

To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray
That marks the progress of the sinking day;
Each change is grateful to thy soul,
For its *fine taste* no woes control;
The powers of Nature, and of Art,
Alike entrance the easy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome,
Which the *calm* comforts make their home,
That cruel imp is never found
Whose fame such idle songs resound——
Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly
Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky,
Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray
Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day!
I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,
Grasp ev'ry evil known by Time,
Ere live beneath that Witch's spells
With whom no *lasting* pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,
The tear, for ever prompt to start,
The tender look, the ready sigh
And soft emotion always nigh;
And yet *Content* th' insidious fiend forbids——
Oh! she has torn the slumbers from my lids:
Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,
And bid chill anguish to my bosom grow.

She seals her prey!—in vain the Spring
Wakes Rapture, thro' her groves to sing;
The roseate Morn's hygean bloom,
Fades down, *unmark'd*, to Evening's gloom.

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy sceptre sad
Points, where the *frantic glance* proclaims THE MAD!
Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,
Or the poor Victim, shuns thee in the grave;
To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,
That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! she smiles to drink our tears,
And where's no *solid ill*, she wounds with *fears*;
Riots in sighs, is sooth'd when most we smart——
Now, while she guides my pen, her FANG'S within my
heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

O CEASE, MATILDA! Cease the strain,
That woo's INDIFFERENCE to thy arms;
For what are all her boasted charms?
But only to be free from Pain!
And would'st thou then, her torpid ease,
Her listless apathy to know,
Renounce the magic POW'R TO PLEASE,
And lose the LUXURY of WOE?
Why does thy stream of sweetest song,
In many a wild maze wind along;
Foam on the Mountain's murm'ring side;
Or thro' the vocal covert glide;
Or among fairy meadows steal?—
It is, because thy HEART can FEEL!
Alas! if Peace must be unknown,
Till ev'ry nerve is turn'd to stone,
Till not a tear-drop wets the eye;
Nor throbs the breast for Sorrow's sigh,

O may I never find relief,
But PERISH, in the PANG of GRIEF!

Think not I reason thus, my Fair!
A stranger to corroding Care!
Ah! if *Thou*, seldom find'st repose,
“*I*, rest not on a bed of rose.”
DESPAIR, cold Serpent, loves to twine
About this helpless heart of mine!
Yet, tho' neglected and forlorn,
I scarce can check the smile of Scorn,
When those, the VULGAR call the GREAT,
Bend the important brow of state;
And strive a consequence to find
By seeming more than Humankind;
Well, let them strut their hour away,
Till grinning Death demand his prey!
Meanwhile, my ANNA! let us rove
The scented vale, the bending grove,
Mix our hot tears with evening dews,
And live for FRIENDSHIP and the MUSE!

Yes, let us hasten hand in hand,
Where the blue billows lave the land,
And as they quick recoiling fly
Send on the surf a length'ned sigh,
That strikes the soul, with truth sublime,
As 'twere the whisp'ring TONGUE of TIME:

For thus our short Life's ebbing day
Murmurs awhile, and hastes away !
Or let us seek the mould'ring wall,
Or some lone Abbey's Gothic Hall ;
Recline upon the knee-worn stone,
And catch the North Wind's dismal moan,
That 'midst his sorrows, seems to boast
Of many a gallant vessel lost !
Friends and Lovers sunk in death——
By the fury of his breath !
What tho' at the *imagin'd Tale*,
Thy alter'd cheek be sadly pale ;
Ne'er can such SYMPATHY annoy ;
For 'tis the price of dearest JOY !

When far off the Night Storm flies,
Let us ponder on the SKIES !
Where million stars are ever roll'd,
Which yet our weak eyes dare behold ;
Adore the SELF-EXISTING CAUSE
That gives to each its sep'rate laws ;
That, when th' impetuous Comet runs
Athwart a wilderness of Suns ;
Tells it what mandate to obey,
Nor ever wander from its way ;
Till back it hasten whence 'twas brought,
Beyond the boundaries of Thought !

Let not the studious Seer reply,
“ *Attraction regulates the Sky,*
“ *And lends each Orb the secret force,*
“ *That urges on, or checks its course.*”
Or with his Orrery expound
Creation’s vainly fancied round.
Ah! quit thy toil, presumptuous Sage!
Destroy thy calculating page;
No more on Second Causes plod;
’Tis not ATTRACTION, but ’tis GOD!
And what the UNIVERSE we call,
Is but a POINT, compar’d to ALL.

SUCH BLISS the sensate bosom knows,
Such bliss Indiff’rence ne’er bestows;
Tho’ small the circle we can trace,
In the abyss of time and space;
Tho’ LEARNING has its limits got,
The feelings of the soul have not.
Their vast excursions find no end:
And RAPTURE needs not comprehend!

’Tis true, we’re ign’rant how the Earth
Wakes the first principles of birth,
With vegetative moisture feeds
To diff’rent purpose, diff’rent seeds:
Gives to the Rose such balmy sweet,
Or fills the golden ear of Wheat,

Paints the ripe Peach with velvet bloom,
Or weaves the thick Wood's mingling bloom ;—
YET, we can wander in the bow'r ;
Can taste the fragrance of the flow'r ;
Drink the rich fruit's nectareous juice,
And bend the harvest to our use.—

Then give thy pure perceptions scope,
And sooth thy heaving heart with hope.
HOPE shall instruct my sorr'wing Friend ;
The soul's fine fervour ne'er can end ;
But when her limbs by Death are laid
Beneath some yew-tree's hallow'd shade,
Then shall her soaring spirit know
The seraphim's ecstatic glow.
Then shall th' ESSENTIAL MIND confess,
That ANGUISH has the pow'r to BLESS,
That FEELING was in BOUNTY given,
And own THE SACRED TRUTH—IN HEAVEN.

DELLA CRUSCA.

ODE

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

O THOU!

Who from "*a wilderness of Suns*"
Canst stoop to where the low brook runs!
Thro' space with rapid comets glow;—
Or mark where, soft, the snow-drops grow!
O THOU!

Whose burning Pen now rapture paints!
Then moralizes, cold, with Saints!
Now trembling ardors can infuse—
Then, seems as dipp'd in cloister'd dews—
O say! thy BEING quick declare,
Art thou a Son of Earth, or Air?
Celestial Bard! though thy sweet song
Might to a Seraph's strains belong,
Its wondrous beauty, and its art
Can only *touch*, not *change*, my heart.

So Heaven-sent light'ning *powerless* plays,
 And wanton, throws its purple rays;
 It leaps through Night's scarce pervious gloom,
 Attracted by the Rose's bloom;
 Th' illumin'd shrub then quiv'ring round,
 It seems each scented bud to wound;
 Morn shakes her locks, and see the Rose
 In renovated beauty blows!
 Smiles at the dart which past away,
 And flings her perfume on the day.

Thy light'ning Pen 'tis thus I greet,
 Fearless its subtile point I meet;
 Ne'er shall its spells my sad heart move,
 From the calm state it vows to love.
 All other bliss I've proved is vain——
 All other bliss is dash'd with pain.
 My waist with myrtles has been bound,
 MYBROW WITH LAURELS HAS BEEN CROWN'D;
 LOVE, has sigh'd hopeless at my feet,
 LOVE, on my couch, has pour'd each sweet;
 All these I've known, and now I fly
 With thee, INDIFFERENCE, to die!

Nor is thy gift "*dull torpid ease*,"
 The Mind's quick powers that dost not freeze:
 No! blest by *Thee*, the soul expands,
 And darts o'er fresh-created lands;

Springs from the confines of the earth
To where new systems struggle into birth ;
The germ of future Worlds beholds,
The secrets of dark space unfolds ;
Can watch how far the Erratic runs,
And gaze on DELLA CRUSCA's Suns ;
In some new Orb can meet, "*his starry mail*,"
And him, on earth unknown, in Heaven with trans-
port hail!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO
ANNA MATILDA.

NOR will I more of Fate complain;
For I have liv'd to feel thy strain;
To feel its sun-like force divine,
Swift darting through the clouds of woe,
Shoot to my soul a sainted glow.
Yet, yet, MATILDA, spare to shine!
One moment be the blaze suppress!
Lest from this clod my spirit spring,
And borne by Zephyrs' trembling wing,
Seek a *new Heaven* upon thy BREAST.
But say, does calm INDIFFERENCE dwell
On the low mead or mountain swell,
Or at grey Evening's solemn gloom,
Bend her bosom to the tomb?
Or when the weak dawn's orient rose,
In silv'ry foliage deck'd, appears;
Tell me, if perchance *she* goes
To the fresh garden's proud array,
Where, doubtful of the coming day,
Each drooping flow'ret sheds translucent tears.

Ah! tell me, tell me where,
For thou shalt find me *there*,
Like her own son, in vestment pure,
With deep disguise of smile secure:
So shall I once thy form descry,
For once, hold converse with thine eye.

Vain is the thought, for at thy sight,
Soon as thy potent voice were found,

Could I conceal the vast delight,
Could I be tranquil at the sound,
Could I repress quick Rapture's start,
Or hide the bursting of my heart?
Let but thy lyre impatient seize
Departing Twilight's filmy breeze,
That winds th' enchanting chords among,
In ling'ring labyrinth of song:

Anon, the amorous *Bird of Woe*
Shall steal the tones that quiv'ring flow,
And with them sooth the sighing woods,
And with them charm the slumb'ring floods;
Till, all exhausted by the lay,
He hang in silence on the spray,
Drop to his idle flow'r beneath,
And, 'midst her blushes, cease to breathe.

Warn'd by his Fate, 'twere surely well
To shun the fascinating spell;
Nor still, presumptuous, dare to fling
My rude hand o'er the sounding string;

As though I fondly would aspire,
To match MATILDA's heavenly fire.
Yet may I sometimes, far remote,
Hear the lov'd cadence of her note,
And though *the Laurel* I resign,
O may *the bliss of TASTE* be mine!

DELLA CRUSCA.

The following was not composed, from an idea that enough had not been said on the subject of *INDIFFERENCE*,----it was hastily written, merely to let *DELLA CRUSCA* know that he was *GUESS'D AT*;---but the line which would to him have particularly pointed that out, was, when given in *The WORLD*, alter'd---it is now printed as originally written. For its many careless passages *ANNA MATILDA* begs this apology may be accepted, that she wrote it literally whilst sitting for her portrait;----and whilst the sublimity of Egyptian groves, Zenobia's desert, Confucious, Marc Antony, &c. &c. had their ideas continually broken in upon, with "*SMILE A LITTLE*;"---"*MORE TO THE RIGHT*;" "*NOW LOOK UP*," and so forth. Both the poetry and the painting have suffer'd for this---the one has been less happy, the other less correct.

" ——— *Does ca'm Indifference dwell,*
" *On the low mead, or mountain swell?*
" *Oh tell me where,*
" *For thou shalt find me there !*"

To DELLA CRUSCA.

YES, on the mountain's haughty swell,
And in the prostrate dell,
And where the Dryades fling their shades——
There may'st thou meet the Maid serene,
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green
Whilst Day's carnation gently fades.
Doth Nature make the prospect *vast*,
With rocks o'erhang, and rivers cast
Tumbling headlong to their base?

Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,
 Compelling with their chrystal chains
 Wide Continents t' embrace?
All these attract the smooth-brow'd fair ;—
 Or where can Art evince her powers,
 Where, Science strew immortal flowers,
 And gay Indifference—haste not there?
 Whilst PASSION narrows up the heart,
 TASTE can no ray of bliss impart,
 One strong idea grasps the mind—
 Extends itself thro' all the soul,
 Thro' ev'ry vein its furies roll,
 And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the starry roads,
 And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,
 And measur'd every Orb—
 Did *silly Love* his steps attend,
 His mighty purposes suspend,
 Or his grand mind absorb?
 When intellectual LOCKE explor'd
 The Soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard
 Of budding young ideas lay—
 Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,
 Did Love's coarse torch his view control,
 Or light him in the darksome way?
 Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,
 Thy cheek with red repentance stain,

For having feign'd so long;
Quick seize thy Lyre, sweep each bold string,
O'er every chord thy music fling——
To calm INDIFFERENCE raise the Song!

Propitiate first, then with her haste
O'er the Globe's peopled, motley waste;
Watch CHARACTER where'er it runs;
Drink newer air, see fiercer suns:
Seek the bland realms where first the Morn
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn;——
Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,
And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.
Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race,
(Whose records *vast* fail not to trace)
To Imitation still confine
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.
Their fourteen thousand glowing springs
Passing thro' their yearly rings,
Not one suggestion left behind,
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd;
Philosophy no inroads made,
But mute, within its awful shade
Its thoughts occult arrang'd——
Whilst Learning, blindfold in its pen,
This costly precept gave to men——
“BE WISE, *but be unchang'd.*”

Haste!—leave th' insipid herd—away!
Where EGYPT's sons *imbrown the day*,
For their primeval Wisdom form'd her wreath,
And Science first was taught to breathe.
Oh linger here! the Classic clime
Demands, and will reward thy time.
Here shalt thou seek th' immortal Dome
Where *Pleasure* triumph'd over ROME;
And tread were CLEOPATRA trod,
And moisten with thy tear the sod
Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,
Snatching from the grave Old Time——
Whose life fast-fading Rapture, sav'd,
And Phœnix-like renew'd its prime.

Then find the myrtled tomb,
The now unenvied Lover's home;
But, lest thy pensive steps should stray,
To guide thee in th' unknown way,
The Moon her bright locks quick unshrouds;
Her veil of gossamour thin clouds,
Dissolves to air, and her soft eye
Through the palm grove's haughty shade,
And the lofty aloëd glade,
Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh
Breath'd o'er the mingling Lover's dust,
Shall gratify their hov'ring souls
Beyond an EMPIRE's votive Bust.

Is a soft willow bending near,
 Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?
 Its drooping leaves, ah! instant seize,
 The happy violence will please——
 Bend its tender flaccid boughs
 (Murm'ring soft mysterious vows)
 Into garlands—leave them there,
 OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair!

These duties paid, with ling'ring look,
 With heart by silent sorrow shook,
 The marbled desert next explore
 Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,
 Ages long past the soul beguil'd——
 Oh think! in that unletter'd wild
 LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIASMIL'D! }
 Where now a humbled column lies
 Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;
 The roof where odious Night Birds rest,
 Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;
 Where Peasants cumbrous oxen stall,
 THERPSICHOE swam through the ball;
 Serpents convolve, where music trill'd,
 And lost *Palmyra's* fate's fulfill'd.

Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?
 Fly to Italia's downy skies!
 Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,
 Where NATURE's happiest points are found;

The pleasures here—a rosy band!
Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,
Bear their rapt Goddess o'er the plains,
And strew their glories o'er her land.
The dulcet groves, burst with rich notes,
Flung from a thousand trembling throats,
The glossy rivers as they fly——
Their curv'd embroider'd bounds between,
Whose glowing tints be-gem the green,
Bear on their curls th' ecstatic sigh;——
The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,
To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.
And ah! be Italy ne'er nam'd,
Without a pause to those so fam'd——
The glorious MEDICIS!

Oh SCULPTURE! lift thy pillar high,
And grave the name amidst the sky!
Its base, let *marble sorrows* tend,
And *chissel'd woes* in high relief,
Look their unutterable grief,
And mute Despair its tresses rend!
Blest POETRY! compel thy lyre
To sound the loud immortal praise
Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,
And fed thy near extinguish'd fire!
Thy pencil, PAINTING! dip in shades!
To last till Europe's Glory fades——

Thy trophy'd canvas shall be Fame
To those who nurs'd thy infant Art,
And bear to mightier shores the Name!
Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn
To where the Medicean Urn,
The once proud City hallows still,
There thy fine taste may drink its fill.—
To FLORENCE fly—
O, no! for ever shun her tempting skies,
For there, if right I ween, the Maid INDIFFE-
RENCE dies!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO
ANNA MATILDA.

Age, jam meorum,
Finis amorum.

AND have I strove in vain to move
Thy Heart, *fair Phantom* of my Love?
And cou'dst thou think 'twas my design,
Calmly to list thy Notes Divine,
That I responsive Lays might send,
To gain a cold *Platonic Friend*?
Far other hopes thy Verse inspir'd,
And all my Breast with Passion fir'd.
For Fancy to my mind had given
Thy form, as of the forms of Heaven——
Had bathed thy lips with vermil dew;
Had touch'd thy cheek with Morning's hue!
And down thy neck had sweetly roll'd
Luxuriant locks of mazy gold.

Yes, I had hopes, at least to press,
And lure thee to the chaste caress ;
Catch from thy breath the quiv'ring sigh,
And meet the *murder of thine eye*.
Ah! when I deem'd such joys at hand,
Remorseless comes the stern command,
Nor calls my wand'ring footsteps home,
But far, and farther bids me roam ;
And then thy Vestal Notes dispense
The meed of COLD INDIFFERENCE !
Curs'd Pow'r! that to myself unknown,
Still turns the heart I love, to stone!
Dwells with the Fair whom most I prize,
And scorns my tears, and mocks my sighs.

Yes, ANNA! I will hasten forth
To the bleak regions of the North,
Where *Erickson*, immortal Lord!
Pour'd on the Dane his vengeful sword;
Or where wide o'er the barb'rous plain,
Fierce Rurick held his ancient reign.
Then once more will I trace the Rhine,
And mark the Rhone's swift billows shine;
Once more on VIRGIL's tomb I'll muse,
And *Laura's* gemm'd with evening dews;
Once more ROME's *Via Sacra* tread,
And ponder on the mighty dead.

More Eastward then direct my way,
 To thirsty *Egypt*'s desarts stray,
 Fix in wonder, to behold
 The Pyramids renown'd of old;
 Fallen near one of which, I ween,
 The *Hieroglyphic Sphinx* is seen!
 The * Lion Virgin Sphinx, that shows
 What time the rich Nile overflows.
 Then will I sail th' Egean tide,
 Or seek *Scamander*'s tuneful side;
 Wander the secret groves among,
 Where HOMER wak'd th' immortal Song;
 Traverse the Nemæan Wood,
 Mark the spot where *Sparta* stood;
 Or at humbled *Athens* see
 Its still remaining Majesty! —
 Yet to *Indiff'rence* e'er a foe,
 May Beauty other joys bestow;
 Her rapt'rous Science I'll pursue,
 The Science NEWTON never knew.

Now blows the wind with melancholy force,
 And o'er the *Baltic* points my weary course;
 Loud shout the mariners, the white sails swell —
 ANNA MATILDA! fare thee, fare thee well!

* The overflowing of the Nile always happens while the Sun is in Leo and Virgo.

Farewell, whoe'er thou art, and may'st thou find
Health and repose, and lasting peace of mind;
Still pour the various Verse with fancy clear,
To thrill the pulse, and charm th' attentive ear;
Nor may relentless Care thy days destroy,
But ev'ry hope be ripen'd into joy!

And O! farewell to distant Britain's shore,
Which I perhaps am doom'd to see no more;
Where Valour, Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue dwell,
Dear Land of Liberty, alas! farewell,—
Yet oft, *e'en there*, by wild Ambition tost,
The Soul's best season settles in a frost.
Yet even *there*, desponding, late I knew,
That Friendship, *foreign-form'd*, is rarely true.
For they, whom most I lov'd, whose kindness sav'd
My shatter'd Bark, when erst the tempest rav'd:
At home, e'en with the common herd could fly,
Gaze on the wounded Deer, and *pass him by!*
Nor yet can Pride subdue my pangs severe,
But scorn itself evap'rates in a Tear.

Thou, too, delusive Maid! whose winning charms
Seduced me first from slow Wealth's beck'ning arms;
Sweet POETRY! my earliest, falsest Friend,
Here shall my frantic adoration end.
Take back the simple Flute thy treach'ry gave,
Take back, and plunge it in Oblivion's wave,

So shall its sad Notes hence no malice raise—
The Bard unknown—forgotten be the Lays.
But should, with ANNA'S Verse, his hapless Rhime,
In future meet th' impartial eye of Time,
Say, that thy wretched victim long endur'd,
Pains which are seldom felt, and never cur'd!
Say, 'midst the lassitude of hopes o'erthrown,
MATILDA'S *strain* could comfort him alone.
Yet was the veil mysterious ne'er remov'd,
From *him th' admiring*, and from *her the lov'd*,
And no kind intercourse the Song repaid,
But each to each remain'd—a *Shadow and a Shade*.

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO
DELLA CRUSCA.

OH stay, oh stay! thy rash speed check,
Not yet ascend the flying deck;
Nor Europe's Hemisphere forsake,
Nor from THY NATION's pleasures take
A bliss so exquisite and chaste——
A feast so dear to polish'd taste,
As *that* thy Lyre correctly flings,
As that they feel when *DELLA CRUSCA* sings.
Alas! thou'rt gone, and to my straining eye
Thy Bark seems buoyant on the distant sky;—
See! in the clouds its mast it proudly laves,
Scorning the aid of Ocean's humble waves:
Well may it soar and bear aloft the prize
Whose verse immortal links him to the skies;
Well may it scorn rough *Neptune's* rocky way,
Which bears the Genius of the GOD OF DAY!

And now, *MATILDA*, bind thy lyre
With cypress wreathes! the lambent fire
Thou kindled'st at his fervid rays
Can gleam no more;—thy future days

Lost to the Muses and to Taste,
 Each torpid hour will joyless waste.
 In vain each morning now will glow——
 In vain soft MAIA's music flow,
 And to my pillow force its way,
 And on my wak'ning senses play.
 Her notes my *wak'ning* senses fill,
 And *conscious slumbers* own the trill;
 But when at length Remembrance bids
 The filmy slumber quit my lids,
 Saying "THE WORLD its Wit hath brought,
 "Its various point, its well-turn'd thought,
 "But DELLA CRUSCA lends no ray"——
 Oh *what* is Morning——*what* is May?

Yet hold! some solace yet remains,
 And pensive joys await my pains.
 I too must leave this laurel'd coast
 Which all, that ROME adorn'd, can boast;
 But not like thee, for GRECIAN shores;——
 Ah no! my humbler prow explores
 The Sea *unsung*, which lies between
 Dover's proud cliffs, and France serene.
 Thou'lt skim th' Egean's brilliant tide,
 I, o'er the British channel glide*;

* This passage when given in the WORLD was by mistake alter'd, and some of its lines left out;----it is here printed from the original copy.

Thou, all enthusiast ! fondly trace
The Isle where PHAON's beauteous face
Gave birth to SAPPHO's glorious art——
Illum'd her name, but tore her heart :
Thy SAPPHO seek the shores vicine,
Where *England's* lovely great-soul'd QUEEN
Sublimely knelt, and snatch'd from blushing Fate
The Godlike victims of her *Edward's* hate.
Thou, at AONIA's sacred feet
Wilt duly pour libations meet ;
I, roam o'er GALLIA's sportive plains
Where thoughtless Pleasure ever reigns.

But 'tis not sportive GALLIA's plains,
Tho' Pleasure there for ever reigns,
Which promises the boasted bliss——
No, BARD BELOV'D ! the hope is this,
That there thy footsteps I may tread,
Press the same turf where sunk thy head ;
Sip the quick stream thy thirst hath slaked,
And greet the Dawn where thou hast waked——
Fancying her waves of mazy gold
Ne'er with such rich refulgence roll'd ;
And when her tints of various dye
Burst from the pallid sickly sky,
There rush in violet, *there* in green,
Here in soft red imbue the scene ;

Then lose themselves by growing bright,
'Till swallow'd up in one vast flood of light—
Thus shall I say, HE saw her rays,
Thus was HE rous'd t'adore and praise!

Oh SYMPATHY, of birth divine,
Descend, and round my heart-strings twine!
Touch the fine nerve whene'er I breathe
Where DELLA CRUSCA dropt his wreath!
Lead me the *sacred way* of ROME,
Lead me to kneel at *Virgil's* tomb,
Where he th'enduring marble round
With fresh-wove laurels graceful bound.
Then guide where still with sweeter note,
Than flow'd from *Petrarch's* tuneful throat,
On *Laura's* grave he pour'd the lay
Amidst the sighs of sinking day:
Then point where on the sod his tear
Fell from its chrystal source so clear,
That there my mingling tear may sink,
And the same dust its moisture drink!

Thus dying Swans are said to sing,
And their last breath in numbers fling.
O'er the dear liquid shining plains,
Which nurs'd their joys, and nurs'd their pains.
Like them my Muse pines fast away,
And this her last, her closing day.

When one blest word her lips hath seal'd,
In lasting silence she'll be veil'd.
Expiring, still her note's the same,
She murmurs DELLA CRUSCA's name!——
The SACRED WORD! ye heard it spoke;——
Her Book is clos'd——her Lyre is broke! 

ANNA MATILDA.

A
TALE

FOR
JEALOUSY.

A Recent Event in CATALONIA.

LOUD shriek'd the wind ; hoarse struck the hour,
When from his couch, *Alphonso* rose ;
Bedeck'd with gold his splendid bower——
Gold, had his couch, but not *repose* !

The Night sat brooding on the hill :
Beneath, the sable rivers roll'd,
Not *glist'ring*, now, the tinkling rill ;——
Its stream opaque, its spirit cold.

His chamber, long with restless feet
The Lord *Alphonso* travers'd o'er ;
Here once he tasted slumbers sweet,
But slumber sweet he knows no more !

His rous'd domestics strait obey
The signal of their Lord, unloved ;
Their torches flash a second day,
As thro' the costly rooms they moved.

His favourite, from th' obsequious train
Was to his inmost closet led ;
There heard confess'd the am'rous pain
Which tore him from his midnight bed.

Oh, thou wert near, *Alphonso* cries,
When in the progress late we made,
Gonsalvo's daughter in our eyes
Made every other virgin fade.

Her noble mien, her blushes mild,
The burnish of her tresses bright ;
Her age—but just no longer Child,
Her rosy mouth, her graceful height ;

All these have in my time-worn heart,
Lighted a youthful, am'rous fire—
I sink beneath the poignant smart,
I faint with eager, strong desire.

Oft did I try her soul to melt,
But ign'rant she of Cupid's pow'r—
His ecstacies she never felt—
But now is come her fated hour.

With flames illicit I essay'd
To touch her iced, unwaken'd heart ;
Let Hymen sooth the bashfull maid,
She'll *waken'd*, play a softer part.

Strait to her father's, speed thy way,
The fleetest mules with haste prepare ;
And ere to-morrow scants his day,
Thou'lt reach the village of my fair.

These pearls, these di'monds, speak my truth,
Woo her with *treasures* to my arms ;
When love no longer boasts of youth,
Riches may plead their meaner charms.

Oh how unlike the rapturous hour,
When love is bought by love alone ;
When a soft look, a touch, a flower,
Is prized beyond IND's brightest stone.

But go, and to her parents bear
Thy Lord's designs—his hopes unfold;
Plead with due force his meaning fair,
And in thy promises be bold.

Much more, the Lord *Alphonso* spoke;
His servant's mind the whole retains,
Whose lashes soon the mules provoke;
The mules skim o'er the distant plains.

Th' awaken'd night with streaks of gold
Her jetty robes begun to lace;
Her drowsy car far off she roll'd—
The blithe Sun urging to the race;

And ere his wheels had run behind
The western mountain's giddy slope;
Julia, with meekness all resign'd
Had listen'd to *Alphonso's* hope.

Not so resign'd, but that her thought
Recoil'd at such unequal love,
Till by parental wisdom taught,
She learn'd to bear, and then approve.

The Sire attends his darling child,
For so *Alphonso's* pride allows;
And with the transport almost wild,
Saw her receive a Grandee's vows.

He saw that form where speaking grace
Gave soul to beauty most refin'd,
The robe of dignity embrace,
By taste magnificent design'd.

Her hair, which floated o'er her dress,
A dress, which to be *seen* demands
Its rich luxuriance to repress,
They tie in folds with diamond bands.

But the soft curls which hap'ly fell
Upon her bosom's heaving snow,
Were suffer'd there, unbound, to dwell,
And spread their wavy golden glow.

Thus the fond parent saw her rove
Thro' gaudy halls and rooms of state;
Whilst humble trains at distance ~~wait~~ *move*,
And from her nod receive their fate.

Succinct the time in which such joy
Around his aged heart might play;
Bitter, oh! bitter the ~~days~~ alloy!
And set full soon is Pleasure's day:

For Lord *Alphonso* names the hour,
When he the sumptuous dome must quit,
And seek again the humble bower——
For birth like his a mansion fit:

Tells him to take a last farewell,
Of her more dear than sense or light;
Bids him ne'er hope again to dwell
Where filial *Julia* bless'd his sight.

His daughter, overwhelm'd with woe,
The haughty cruel order hears;
She sees her mournful parent go,
And bathes his last steps with her tears.

Now slow, and sadden'd, rolls the time
Which late flew rapid with delight;
Heedless is she of Morning's prime,
Nor hails the soft approach of Night.

Her only solace was to roam
Midst the deep wood's embosom'd calm,
Where distant from her gaudy home
Meek solitude bestow'd its balm.

There, on a river's fringy side,
Which snatch'd her breath as stealing by,
She'd watch its curl'd, unequal glide,
And swell with her's the zephyr's sigh:

Mark with what truth it objects drew,
When *ruffling* zephyr ceas'd to breathe,
Its surface polish'd to the view——
A phantom forest underneath.

Two drooping willows there display'd
Their foliage to the painting wave ;
Which in their pensive green array'd
Would still their jutting bare roots lave.

These, by her hands, in garlands dress'd,
She'd sometimes chide the low bent branch,
Which would its blooming fragrant vest
Upon th' escaping river launch.

Thus was she one bright eve employ'd,
 Whilst carols sad her sweet voice sung;
Evening's own bird her note enjoy'd——
 When from its shades a soldier sprung.

His form, like that *Apollo* wears,
 When from his bow the swift dart sings;
Or when the discus thro' the air
 With equal force and grace he flings.

Martial his step; his beamy eye
 Bright as fair *Julia*'s own appears;
Strait to each others arms they fly——
 They mingle joy—they mingle tears.

'Twas *Julia*'s brother whom she saw,
 'Twas *Julia* whom her brother press'd;
Both dear by Nature's dearest law,
 For twins they were, who thus caress'd.

From *Calpe*'s glorious rock he came—
 Immortal monument decreed
Of English *ELLIO T*'s laurel'd name;
 Where English heroes oft shall bleed.

And there his blood did *Gusman* shed
Amongst the boldest ever found,
By sacred thirst of honour led——
Nor shun'd the deaths that flew around.

But when bright Peace her silver flute
Had sounded thro' wide Europe's skies,
And when the voice of war was mute,
Sped by fond duty, home he flies.

There he first learn'd his sister's fate,
How elevated——and how curst!
Heard, that amidst her brilliant state
Her heart consuming sorrow nurst.

Her husband's tyrant law reveal'd,
No dear relation to behold;
Oblig'd him thus in shades conceal'd,
His sister to his heart to fold.

And oft he mourn'd her cruel lot,
And oft he dried her tears away,
When from the interesting spot
They each were warn'd by closing day.

Adieu, my *Gusman*, *Julia* cries!
Yet let me see thee, once again;
To-morrow bless thy sister's eyes,
Then seek our dear paternal plain:

From forth my little treasur'd hoard,
Fond tokens to my mother bear;
No miser is my cruel Lord,
And gifts, like these, I well can spare.

Gusman, with pure, fraternal love,
Kiss'd either beauteous, *fading* cheek,
Vowing, when Morn shou'd light the grove,
In its mild haunts her steps he'd seek.

Now Evening hung its silv'ry dews,
On every shrub that deck'd the glades;
And fainter scents the flowers effuse——
As loth to greet with sweets, her shades.

Oft had fair *Julia* linger'd there
In hours like these——and traced the beam,
Which sent from Luna's brilliant sphere,
Shot thro' the wood a *shiver'd* gleam.

Mark'd how each sound, stole soft away,
As gliding off to shores more bright;
Bribed by the gaudy tumid day,
To fly the dove-eyed, tender night.

By *Julia* these are all forgot,
For pleasure hath her soul suffused;
Blind to the beauties of the spot,
She deigns not now to be *amused*.

Braced with young joy, the sportive fawn
Pursues her dam, with motion fleet,
Regardless of the sprinkled lawn
That weaves its flowers around her feet.

So speeds the fair one to her home,
Whose towers return the moon's broad glare;
Whilst to point out the distant dome,
They flash their gold vanes thro' the air.

On her soft pillow soon reclined,
Round her, the slumbers spun their veil;
And o'er her placid gentle mind,
The softest dreams their phantoms steal.

At Morning's dawn, her Lord commands,
Her placid slumbers must be broke;
He grasp'd in his her trembling hands,
He led her forth, but never spoke.

And oh! these horrid sounds, she cried——
Those piteous shrieks, which tear the ear!
With terror struck, she faintly sigh'd,
And sunk, at length, o'erpower'd with fear.

He dragg'd her on; the screams of pain,
More piercing as they nearer grow,
Left her scarce power to sustain
Her crimson life's unequal flow.

There, wretch, behold! *Alphonso* cried,
As wide he threw the grating gate:
There feast thy loose adulterous eyes,
See there, thy paramour's just fate!

There, stretch'd upon the racking wheel,
She saw her brother's tortur'd form;
From his torn flesh the jagged steel,
Bad rush the blood, with life yet warm.

She *saw*—but oh! she spoke no more!
The agony too fierce to bear;
Groaning she sunk upon the floor,
And breath'd her spirit on the air.

Sister! the writhing *Gusman* said——
Oh, Sister! plead—then swoon'd with pain!
On his gash'd bosom sunk his head,
His limbs convuls'd, the cords still strain.

Alphonso, when he heard the sound,
Leapt sudden to the deathful wheel;
With eager haste the youth's unbound,
And stern *Alphonso* learns to feel.

He raves, he sinks, he strikes his breast,
But oh! the guilty deed is past,
The victims pure are now at rest——
Thy tortures shall for ever last!

Vain is all art, for life no more
Can lift their pulse, their cheeks can paint;
Thou'st freed their souls, they quit the shore——
Each seeks its God—a murder'd Saint!

There, tyrant, lie! and let the fangs
Of deep remorse thy bosom tear!
Each wak'ning morn awake new pangs——
Teach thee to pity, and despair!

3 0C62

ANNA MATILDA,

TO THOSE WHO READ.

THE following little Tract, printed carefully from the Manuscript of the once famous Sir William Waller, is considered as a curiosity worthy of being given to the public:—It contains the memoranda and reflections of a man who had a considerable share in forming the fate of England, at a time when the strong convulsions of its state arrested the attention of Europe, and of the world.

Sir William Waller was a member of the House of Commons, and Major-General of the Parliament army. It appears from WHITLOCK, that he was a man of great consideration in the army, and with the public. Oliver Cromwell served under him—the KING feared him—the PARLIAMENT depended on him.

H

The purity of his intentions, and the uprightness of his principles—the transcript before you will sufficiently establish;—it is a mental mirror, in which you behold the features of the writer's mind, as distinctly as a looking glass reflects, to a young beauty, her cheek of roses, and her eye of fire. That he was popular as to courage and resolution, is plain from a formal petition sent to Parliament by the inhabitants of Portsmouth, praying that Sir William Waller might be made their Governor.

That he had a mind capable of the tenderest impressions, and alive to all the charms of love, appears, from this, that he never lived unmarried. Three times he exulted in the flowery hymeneal chain; and speaks of each Lady with exalted fondness and affection. But those, alas! were days in which the connubial passion was the only one tolerated!

Of WALLER, Hume begins to speak in the following words:—"In the year 1643, Sir William Waller began to distinguish himself among the Generals of the army. Active, and indefatigable; in his operations rapid and enterprising; he was fitted by his genius to the nature of war."
Vol. VI. p. 516.

It has been lately so much the taste to read the ana of celebrated men, that the Editor of these is persuaded, their being combined with the effusions of her own idle hours, will not render them unwelcome. To the public, perhaps, there is no occasion for apology, but towards the writer himself, she has some consciousness of delinquency. The brave General, who wore himself out in campaigns, cased in armour, and peeping half his life through an iron vizor, thought of nothing less, probably, than of turning author;—yet it happens, that after he has been at rest with his tumultuous ancestors (I hope they will forgive my guessing at their characters) almost a century, and his military and moral character long ago decided on, he is now made to hold up his hand at the literary bar, to be tried by his Critics, and his Country.

To his critics and countrymen, it may be observed, that if they have an appetite for anecdote, the following pages will not tend much to satisfy it. They are filled with the recollections of a man, who, at the close of a busy life, thought it time to recollect himself, and who recollects only about himself. In the retrospect, his imminent dangers, and hairbreadth 'scapes, light up his gratitude to Heaven, and make his little book rather a compendium of piety, than a register of events. A piety not much

differing from that which has provoked our sneers at the posthumous works of the great Johnson;—but then, he was a scholar, and a philosopher, and his piety, in course, very much unlike other people's. What you are now offer'd, is the piety of a General—we have many Generals, and they can answer for the similitude.

In a word—this peculiar little volume is presented not to the world as an amusement, but to the curious as a medal. A medal struck at an era when the events of this country were MIGHTY, and when the characters of men were GRAND: when every action was on an enlarged scale, and in high relief;—when the kingdom, like Sir Joshua's infant Hercules, was struggling between the two deadly serpents which assailed its vitality—the TYRANNY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, and the PREROGATIVE OF THE CROWN.

The internal evidence the book carries with it is so strong, that it is judged not necessary to say one word on its authenticity. But it is necessary to say, that besides the pages suppressed (mentioned in the conclusion), there has been an elision of one entire section, under the head OF PERILS BY WATER; a part likewise of that under the head BY GREAT SICKNESSES, has been cut out, because the circumstan-

ces mentioned, and the terms used, are not exactly correspondent to the ideas of delicacy, which happily, is in this age one of its characteristics.

In the opening of the manuscript, there appears to be two leaves wanting; whether what is lost contained events or reflections, it is impossible to judge—the leaves are not torn, but cut out carefully with a knife, close to the margin. The beginning of the third leaf, is the end of a reflection, of which it, is the first word. For further information the reader shall be now left to Sir William himself, and it is hoped he will not rank the half hour spent in his society, amongst the most unprofitable half hours of his life.

On the inside of the cover of the
Wadhams MS. n^o. 16. is written

R^d Warner 1726.

The gift of Mr J Howard, who
had it from S^r John Lear of Leover.

Richard Warner

1765

The Book-plate of Richard
Warner of Woodford Row, Essex.

On the opposite page

Rev W^m Waller's

Remarks - Experiences.

®
The manuscript with which this
copy of Wallers 'Recollections' is collated
is thus described by Core in his Catalogue
of the Manuscripts in Wadham College Li-
brary: page -



Psalm. 111. 4. Nevertheless thou shalt make
them to be remembered. Thou art gracious
and full of compassion.

Psalm. 77. 12-12. Surely I will remember
thy wonders of old. I will meditate
also of all thy works, and talk of
thy doings.

+ RECOLLECTIONS,

+ Experiences

BY

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

itt, but a stormy sea? If I cast my eyes backward
the billowes are still heaving, and the angry waves
are tossing their heads; if I looke forward the pro-
spect doth presente to my imagination nothing new,
itt is still a stormy sea, and the billowes and the
waves, and the breakers surround the poore mari-
ner, who if by chance he doth escape, comes wound-
ed and torne, and allmost spent, to shore. But

*not in MS
of Wadham*

“Many, O Lord, are thy wonderfull workes! which my God
10 “thou hast don, and thy thoughts which are to me ward,
“they cannot be reckoned upp in order into thee.” *of of*
Ps. xl. 5.

“Come therefore and heare, all yee that feare God,
and I will declare what he hath don for my Soul.”
15 Ps. lxvi. 16.

1. IN PERSONALL DELIVERANCES

of I may say, with the Apostle, glorying, as he did, of the things which concern mine infirmities. I have been

IN PRISONS FREQUENT,

S of Seised upon by the army, as I was going to discharge my duty in the House of Commons, and, contrary to priviledg of Parliament, made a prisoner in the Queen's court; from thence *of led* carried ignominiously to a place under the Exchequer called Hell, and the next day to the King's Head in the Strand; *of* after, singled out (as a sheep to the slaughter) and removed to St. James's; *S* thence sent to Windsor Castle, and remanded to St. James's againe; *of from then/ &* lastly tossed, like a ball into a strange country, to Denbigh Castle in North Wales, remote from my relations and interests.—After above three yeares imprisonment, and thus being changed as itt were from vessel to vessel, *all* itt pleased the Lord to turne my captivity, and to restore me to the comforts of my poore family againe; *of y* and here let me call to mind how much reason I had to be thankfull to him, who chasteneth those whom he loveth, for the great consolation experienced in the dear partner of my captivity. *S* She came to me disguised in mean apparell,

when I had groaned in my bonds seven months, thinking itt the duty of a wife, to riske all things for the satisfaction of her husband. Much difficulty had she in comming, and was frequent on the brink of being discovered; but att length over mountains and unknown roads, sometimes with a guide, and sometimes with none, she arrived att my prison: and she seemed when she discovered herself to me, to be like the Angell who appeared unto Peter in like circumstances: she did not indeed bid my prison gates fly open, but by her sweet converse and behaviour, she made those things seem light, which were before heavy, and scarce to be borne. — I must ever acknowledg itt also a very great mercy, that ~~being~~ ^{and speciall} so long subject ^{having been} to so great a malice, armed with so great a power, I was not given as a prey (to their teeth); and that after all the indeavours that were used to finde out ^{offf &} ^{& or} ^{make me} ^{criminall} ^{of of} ^{not} ^{in MS} matter of charge against me, I came off with an untire innocency, not only ~~in~~ condemned, but ~~in~~ accused.

The 5th of August, 1659, I was seized a prisoner by a party of horse in Kent, and the 22d following I was committed to the Tower, only upon jealousy; and, because I refused to inform the counsell further than in what singly concerned my self, and because I denyed to give any ingagement. The

not in MS
2 Tim. 4. 17
16. v. 18.
 31st of October following, the Lord delivered me by my habeas corpus in an open cleare way, notwithstanding all opposition. Blessed be his holy name who hath been my constant keeper, and hath not only delivered me out of the mouth of the lion (as he did Paul) but preserved me in itt. And my trust is, the Lord shall deliver me from every evill worke, and will preserve me unto his heavenly Kingdome, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

xx ^

2. IN DEATHS OF;

1. By suddain accidents.

of
 In my infancy, when I lay in my cradle, I escaped a great danger, upon the casuall discharge of a peece, the shott whereof missed me very narrowly.

xxx see next page

of
of
of safely
of
of
 At Winchester Castle, I ran a great hazard of being buried under the ruines of an ould outwall, which I had been viewing, and considering how to have it taken down, and I was no sooner stept into the house (not above an easy stone's cast off) but itt fell, and covered all the place where I had been, and diverse yards beyond itt. My deare wife (the Lady Ann) had a deliverance of the very same kinde there likewise; having been to look at an ould staircase which was repairing, she was no sooner gon, but the place where she stood fell, and

upon some worke about

in this change of prisons

X I may say hath preserved me for 16
many years

xx The MS here has the following, ^{written by} ~~the same hand~~ ^{the same hand but later} —

March 22 1657 - I was suddenly made a
prisoner, by a warrant from the Protector, and my
papers, and armes seized upon, and I was brought
before him, and examined by him, upon sundry
interrogatories, and when nothing could be proved
against me, I was discharged, and returned a
freeman to mine own family. Blessed be the Lord
who hath not given me as a prey to the teeth of
mine enemies. My help is in the name of the
Lord, who hath ever been a present help to me
in all my troubles. He make me thankfull and
serviceable to him.

Psalm 102. 17. He will regard the prayer of the
destitute and not despise their prayer.

v. 18. This shall be written for the generation to
come, and the people which shall be created, shall
praise the Lord.

v. 19 - For he hath looked down from the height of his
Sanctuary, from Heaven did the Lord behold the
earth to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose
those that are appointed to death.

xxx, page 106 -

When I was about nine or ten years old I had a great deliverance from a fall from my horse, my foot hanging in the stirrup. I was dragged a great way by him, and struck at several times, and yet the Lord be praised, I had little or no hurt.

⊕ Thus continued on the bus

Both of us being one (in that happy union wherein it pleased God to ioyne us) I esteeme it as one deliverance to us both.

line 6. Thus in Mrs. Sumke - and wee all fell into a seller that was underneath it. Lay overwhelmed with a great deal of lumber that fell upon me, and yet I bless God, I had no hurt at all.

I may and do reckon it a mercy that being with my wife at the new Exchange 22 Novemb 1653, when the Portingalls came in armed, and with a murderous intention to fall upon all they mett, I passed with her quite thorough them, without any offence, and I was hardly cross the street, before they acted that mischief that followed -

in humane reason, she could not but have perished in the ruines.—*x* *o*

Att Cropredy in Oxfordshire, I escaped a great danger of the like nature, when being with my officers att a councell of warr, the floore of the roome *o* (where ~~I was~~) sunke under me, and I lay over-*or were*whelmed with a great deal of lumber that fell *of* upon me, and yet, blessed be God, I had no hurt att all. *3 blaps*
And att this place I did likewise escape a snare.
10 After the battell, a message was sent to me by the King; when I had given my answer *that I could not treat with his Majesty but by command of Parliament*, I turned shortly round; when the trumpet said he had a *private* mesage for me, and praied me to hear him: I replyed there need be no privacy, not caring to give an handle to mine Enemies: but some that were neare me did persuade me to heare the man, and went out. He then presently pulled forth a letter, which to my great shame and surprise came from the Lady*****; in itt she besought me to betray my cause; and this she did so wittily and kinde, that I had much ado to be angry. Before this lady's marriage I had been her suitor, and did dearly love her, and she remembered me of this, and of some soft passages. Whether or not she was putt on this by some greater than herself, I never knew; but I returned for answer, that as I had

*not
in
MS*

not in his { never been traitor to my love, so would I not to my cause, which I should be, if I did as she would advise, and after this I heard no more. —

^E

2. BY GREAT SICKNESSES. —

^^

*and dying of it
her remove to
8/8/8/8/*
I had a great deliverance from the plague att my house in Aldersgate-street, a chambermaid of my wifes being struck with itt (who died within a day or two after att the pesthouse, whither she was removed), my wife being then great with child (of my son Thomas) had her by the hand in her sickness, and *in her arms* was neare her, when she was in sweats, yet neither she nor any of my family, were infected.

*it was Gods great
mercy that*

Att Calais I escaped the plague, when Sir Philip Stapleton died of itt, and I was with him and had him by the hand, not above five or six howers before he departed.

Q

^^^

3. BY HASSARDS IN WARR.

*just
neere*

In the warrs between the Venetians, and the Archduke Ferdinand (afterwards Emperour) att the leaguer before Rubia, I escaped severall very neere shott; one grazing att my foot, another lighting between Sir John Vere and me, as we sate close together by the battery; and yet touched neither

¶ Psal. 71. 6 By thee have I been holden
up from ~~the~~ womb, my praise shall be
continually of thee

Psal. 91. 10. There shall no evil befall thee

11 For he shall give his angels
charge over thee, to keep thee in
all thy ways.

^^ That day wherein I should first have
gon to Oxford, I was taken with a pleurisy
and hardly escaped the danger of itt

After my returne from the University I
fell into the small pox, and had undoubtedly
mis-carried, but for the intercession of Sir
William Paddy, who in that prevented
the administering of some phisick to me
which in that disease would have proved
mortal

Att Padua in Italy, I escaped a
calenture very narrowly -

^^^ -

Psal. 41. 3. The Lord will strengthen him
upon his bed of languishing; thou wilt make
all his bed in his sickness.

Psal. 91. 3. Surely he shall deliver thee from
the noisome pestilence

line 1. had a miraculous escape



At the taking of Chichester, I was nearly
indangered by a great shot, when I first drew
up before the Town, besides severall other
shots afterwards.

of us, besides diverse others, both great and small
shott that indangered me.

In the warr between the Emperour Ferdinand, *that*
and the King of Bohemia, I escaped miraculously
5 out of the hands of the Cossacks, when in a skir-
mish my horse was killed under me, and in the *of*
clearing of myself from him, I fell with my foot
hanging in the stirrup, I was incompassed by them, *off/ &*
and in making my way through them to my own *& of &*
men, had severall shott made att me, att a close dis-
tance, yet itt pleased the Lord, none wounded; *me/ &*
only one grazed lightly on the topp of my head, and
I came off with safety.

Att the battell of Edghill, I had my horse shott
under me, but I was preserved from any hurt. *of*

Att the taking of Farnham Castle, I escaped a *in/*
very neare shott, from one of mine own men, as he *of*
followed me in a narrow passage, after I was entred.

^ In my retreat from Chepstow, when Prince Maurice
had lined all the passages between that and Glouces- *laid*
ter, with a very considerable army, to intercept me;
I had no way left, but to transport my foote and *&*
traine of Artillery cross the Severn to Barkley
Castle (from whence they were secured) and with
had a secure march

thorough my horse and dragoones to beat thro' his quarters;
 upon the march that night thorough the Forrest of
 Dean; itt happened thorough the sleepiness of an
 officer, that the maine body was separated a great
 distance from the fore troop, (with which I marched)
 so that I was faine to make an halt for above halfe
 an hower, within litle more than a mile of the
 princes head quarter, in broad day light, the alarme
 taken, and not one hundred and twenty horse with
 me. Nevertheless itt pleased God in his infinit
 mercy to direct the rest of my troopes to me, and
 under the conduct of his providence, I made a safe
 and an honorable retreat to Gloucester, in despite
 of the enemy who charged me in the reare, but with
 more loss to him, than to me.

upon Att Landsdown, when I made the retreat, I es-
 caped a shower of shott.

At At the Devises, when I beat the Lord Marquess
 Harford, Prince Maurice, and the Lord Hopton,
 with their remaining forces into the town, the se-
 cond night after I sat down before itt, having been
 out to visit the gardes, and returning to a farm-
 house (at the foot of Roundway Down) where I had
 given order to my cooke, that my supper should be
 ready against I came in, and finding my meat but
 newly laid to the fire; in a suddain impatience I re-

line 18. At the Devises, when itt pleased God to
grant me that success against Prince Maurice
the Marquess Harford and Lord Hopton and that
they were retreated into the Towne

®



solved not to suppe at all, and so tooke horse again, and rode upp to the topp, where the body of my *of the Downe* horse lay. I was not gon above a muskett shott, but some of the ennemy (knowing the pasages there- *avenues* about, which I did not; and rationally supposing I might quarter in that place; in regard of the convenient situation of itt, between my horse and my foot) came into the house and enquired, and made a search *i/4* for me, and if I had staid there (as at first I intended) in all probability they might have suddainly dispatched me, and retired in the darkness of night, with safety enough.

Some dayes after, whilst I lay before the town, I rode with a small party about the quarters, particularly to see how the dragoones were laid, on the further side of the town; and being to returne back, itt pleased God to putt itt suddainly into my minde, to go by another way than that I came, which some of the party, and some of mine own servants (who staid a little behind) not observing, but taking the former way, they were almost all taken by the enemy. I came back safely. *in safety.*

Att Farnham God appeared wonderfully for me, when the Lord Hopton, drew upp his whole army within culverin shott of me, being (with the forces of Sir Jacob Ashly, who was then joined to him) *demy if with*

of
by sending
whereof
att the least eight thousand horse and foot; and (thorough the mistake or neglect of my adiutant-generall, and the slackness of my men, in drawing to the rendevous) I was not able to face him with two thousand men. In that extremity the Lord tooke opportunity to shew himself for me, and sent so thick a mist all the morning, that by reason of the darkness the ennemy durst not give on, and *8* when the mist brake upp, I had such an advantage of the ground, that my weakness remained undiscovered, and he drew off from me, I was that day delivred from an imminent destruction.

of
in company
Att Cheriton Field, I was in danger to have been taken or killed, the ennemy having by a charge given upon some troopes of mine, shutt me off from mine own men, I having then but three [^]with me; but itt pleased God they were repulsed againe, and thereby a way opened for my retreat.

of *of*
from some of them
I may reckon itt a mercy, that upon a suddain occasion that day, charging without my headpeece, and being known by the ennemy (as I afterwards *^* understood) I came off safe and unhurt.

of
It was a great mercy of God that when
When the King came suddainly upon me with his whole army att Andover, and I had then nothing

8. but without attempting further drew
off again.

rd



but a body of horse and dragoones with me, I made *more*
a fair retreat to Basingstoke.

Att the second Newbery fight, when I fell on with *of*
my troopes by the way off Speenfield, and wee were *&*
mingled with the ennemy, I had a great deliverence,
for one of the adverse party coming behinde me,
and being ready to fire his pistoll in my reines; in
that instant one of my life guard killed him, or *&*
otherwise in all probability he had killed me. *likelihood*

"O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation: thou
"hast covered my head in the day off battell." Ps. cxl. 7.

"The Angell of the Lord, encampeth round about them
"that feare him, and delivereth them." Ps. xxxiv. 7.

IN JOURNYINGS OFT.

In my travell between Venice and Florence, I es-
caped the danger of the Inquisition att Bologna,
where through the information of a priest (that
came along in company with me from Venice) I
was searched, my trunke, wherein I had nothing but
clothes, was rifled to the bottome, but itt pleased
God to so order itt, that they lett alone a box,
wherein I had some papers, which might have ex-

strictly

posed me to question ; when they had itt in their hands ready to open itt.

ed
of 10 In my journey into Yorkshire, to my Sisters house at Hickleton, (being accompanied with my wife the Lady Ann, and my dear mother) I reckon itt a great deliverance, that when my coach mares, upon the descent of an hill, had broken their raines, and overthrown the coachman from the box, and begun to run away, the raines falling down upon the ground, [^]one of the mares, treading upon them, they checked her bitt, and made her stopp, which made the rest stand like-wise.



IN PERILLS IN THE CITY.

ed/hy When the army first marcht up, to the citty of London, and made that breach upon the Parliament, I was voted to command a body of horse and dragoones, in the nature of a flying army, for the defence of the King, Kingdome, Parliament, and City ; and whilst I was acting (with others) according to my duty, at the Committee of Militia, to advance that levy ; wee were all unexpectedly deserted and betraied by the citty and left out of all capitulation ; so that upon the entring of the army, we were

Sitting at Guildhall

10. it was the will of God that
11- gave her a stop

1 See page 160

117. Psalm 91. 9. Surely he shall deliver
thee from the snare of the fowler,
ib. & 4. He shall cover thee with his
feathers, and under his wings shalt
thou trust; his truth shall be thy
shield and buckler.

3- formerly

7 the Lady Ann



18 there was a warrant sent from the
Court cell

29 att S^r James

inforced to lye hidd, and within a few dayes after to make use of the passes which the House of Commons had given us, and to quit the kingdome. The Lord all that time preserved me from falling into the hands of the army, though I was pursued by land and sea.

7 When after the death of my late deare wife, I had sent out my sons to schoole, and removed my daughters, with some part of my goods, to the Lady Blanyes house in Long Acre (myself remaining in that desolate condition, a prisoner att St. James's) there was a base information given to the Councell of State, by a servant of mine (whome for a falsness I had putt away) that I had deposited plate and jewells, to a great vallue, in that good Ladyes custody; whereupon (without any cause alledged, or any thing att all in charge against me) they sent a warrant signed Bradshaw, by a sargeant att armes, to seize upon all thatt I had there, as belonging to an ennemy of the State. But itt pleased the wisdom of God to befoole their malice, that they made no search in mine own house, where all that I had of vallue was, but only in that place, where there was nothing but so inconsiderable a parcell of plate, that they were asham-

ed to keep itt, when they had itt; and so they sent itt back again. In the mean time I had leasure to dispose of what I had by me, to a place of safety.

*not
in the
Wadham
ms.*

March 22d, 1657. I was seized upon as a prisoner by a warrant from the Protector, and brought to Whitehall, where I was examined by him. He did examin me as a stranger, not as one whome he had aforetime known, and obeyed; yet was he not discourteous, and itt pleased the Lord to preserve me, that not one thing objected could be proved against me; so I was delivered, and returned with comfort to my family againe; blessed be the Name of the Lord!

*M
L*

IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHKEN.

It pleased the House of Commons to command my service, in taking care for the drawing upp for the Ordinance in favour of the Apprentices; upon which account some Apprentices (who negotiated that business for the rest) made their application to me; shortly after, when that petition from the citty was to be presented, which was followed with *disorder* so much confusion, that it gave occasion, or pretence to the speaker, and diverse others of the House to with-

20

1. See page 166.

11. Matth 8. 24 - see page 168.

14. Touching their times to be allowed
for recreation.



draw to the army; myself and the rest of the eleven members, having then gained the leave of the House, to absent ourselves, for six months (by that denial of our own right and priviledg, to preserve (if possible) the priviledg of Parliament from any further violation by the army) some two dayes before the presentation of the above said petition, there came two persons to my house in Drury Lane, to speak with me, who, when I came out unto them, tould me they were apprentices of the Citty, and came to be advised by me, how they should manage their petition; to whom I replyd, that I knew no advice to be given, but that they should be carefull to attend the House as early as they could, before they were præingaged in other business: but this did not serve their purpose, who came only to ensnare me; whereupon they moved further, and said, that myself and the other impeached gentlemen were concerned in their petition, and that they must and would have us into the House againe. To which I returned no more, but that I should have no more to do in that business, and so I left them. This was all that passed, and yet those false impudent creatures made their report att the army, that I abetted that disorder and assault upon the House, and cooperated with the apprentices in itt, which served to exasperate the army so much the more against me. But it pleased

turne

the Lord that they never had power to act any thing upon itt to my prejudice.

After I was made a prisoner by the army, and removed from the King's Head in the Strand to St. James, I had a message sent me from one Colonell Fitz-James with the signification of his respect to me, and compassion of me, representing the extreme danger in which I was, and the enevitable destruction that attended me, if I did not endeavour to prevent itt by some escape; in order to that, he made me a tender of his assistance, ingaging himself, that he would sett me safe aboard a shipp, that lay ready in the river for me to transport me beyond the reach of all mine ennem^yes. But itt pleased God to prevent the effect of his treachery, both by giving me the confidence to stand upon mine own innocency, and by discovering to me, that that perfidious man (in the middest of all his protestations of friendship to me), had privately offered himself to give evidence against me att the barr of the House of Commons; so that it was a meere train, laid to bring a guiltiness upon me, and to take away my life.

The like offer was made to my wife in reference to the procurement of my escape out of Windsor Castle, by one Captain Kempe of Collonell Prides

so to muzzle them

had not the Lord in his mercy prevented
it

it pleased the Lord to deliver my soul

The Lady Ann

The soldiers that attended me



regiment, with the addition of an intended cheat; but I was delivered as a bird, out of the snare of these fowlers, so that I was not catcht with their chaff.—

About the same time, shortly after my coming to Windsor Castle, having opportunity to send to my deare wife (whom I had left in a disconsolat condition att London, great with child, and within a few weeks of her delivery) as I had sealed my letter and was ready to dispatch itt away, I had notice given me by my keeper, that the Governour must see whatever letters I wrote or received; whereupon I bad him carry itt unto him, that he might open it if he thought fitt: But the Governour returned itt back unto me, untouched, with this compliment, that I was very much mistaken in him if I thought he would be so unworthy, as to open letters between a man and his wife; and with some further expressions of respect to me, in regard, he had formerly served as a Lieutenant Colonell under me. This I tooke as a civility from him, but I found it after to be no other than a meere insidious practise; for after an uninterrupted passage of letters between my wife and me, for about a fortnight or three weekes, by which time he supposed, wee might be grown to a confidence to write freely, he suddainly seised upon all my let-

1 ters. But there was nothing to be found in
 2 them that could prejudice me, and so that snare
train likewise broke, and I escaped the danger of it.
Blessed be God.

March 1654. I have reason to acknowledg itt a great mercy of God, that he preserved me in so insnaring a time, wherein the Lord heard my prayer.

*not in the
 ms.*

“The wicked plotteth against the just;—The Lord
 “shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is com-
 “ing. Ps. xxxvii. 12, 13.

“The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor con-
 “demn him when he is judged.” Ps. xxxvii. 33.

2. In severall prosperous successes.

1. THE TAKING OF SOUTHSEA CASTLE.

2. THE TAKING OF PORTSMOUTH.

(It was about this time that those misunderstand-
 ings grew between me and the Lord Generall Essex,

- 1 by the Providence of God
- 2 train took no effect.

Psa. 37, 12 The wicked plotteth against
13 the just: the Lord shall laugh
at him for he saith that his day is
coming.

Psa. 37, 32. The wicked watcheth the righteous
and seeketh to slay him.

33 The Lord will not leave him in
his hand nor condemn him when
he is judged

Isaiah 55, 5. Your Brethren that hated you
that cast you out for my names
sake, said Let the Lord be glorified;
but he shall appear to your
joy, and they shall be ashamed.

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MUSEUM

a stop for penit



which were afterwards noticed in some sort by the Parliament; and there were those who fomented our discorde for their own advancement. Some whom I att that time commanded, but who have since sat in a higher seat, were not wanting to misrepresent, and to inflame on either side; and the country did suffer for these things, which the Parliament well knew, but thought itt not convenient att all times to notice.

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Watham
MS*

3. THE TAKING OF FARNHAM CASTLE.

4. THE TAKING OF CHICHESTER.

5. THE TAKING OF MALMESBURY.

6. THE TAKING OF HEIGHNAM, AND RELIVING OF GLOUCESTER.

7. THE TAKING OF MONMOUTH.

8. THE TAKING OF HEREFORD.

9. THE FIGHT AT CHERITON neere Wells (in *not in MS* Somersetshire,) where Prince Maurice was wounded; and I putt a stopp to his pursuit of the forces under Coll. Popham: (whilst in these parts itt was *not in MS*

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told that the Queen had something endeared herself when att Exeter, by the following Charity. Walking out northward of the citty, soon after her laying in, she stopped att the cottage of a poore woman whom she heard making doleful cries. She sent one of her train to know what itt might be which occasioned itt; the page returned and said the woman was sorrowing grievously, because her daughter had been two days in the strawe, and was almost dead for want of nourishment, she having nothing to give her but water, and not being able for the hardness of the times to gett any thing. On this the Queen tooke a small chain of gould from her neck att which hung an agnus; she tooke off the agnus and putt itt in her bosom, and making the woman be called to her, gave her the chain and bad her to go into the citty to a gouldsmith and sell itt, and keepe the money to provide for the good woman in the strawe. And for this her confessor did afterward rebuke her, because they were hereticks: when this thing was told to the King, he asked, jestingly, if her Confessor had made the Queen do a penance for itt; as she haddon once before, for some innocent act, when she was made to walke to Tyburn, some say barefoot.

10. THE BEATING UP OF COLL. HAMILTON'S
QUARTERS.



11. THE FIGHT AT LANDSDOWN.

12. THE BEATING OF THE MARQUESS OF
HARTFORDS ARMY INTO THE DEVIZES.

13. THE ROUTING OF THE EARL OF CRAW-
FORDS PARTY, and taking the ammuniton, which
he was conveying into the Devizes.

U/

14. THE BEATING UP OF THE EARLE OF
CRAWFORDS QUARTER ATT ALTON; where five
hundred of the taken, to make my success the
greater, tooke the covenant, and served under me;
great was my exultation, but itt had bitter endings,
for the Parliament wrote to Essex to join me, inten-
ding that we together should do a mighty worke,
but the Generall would not, to their no small dis-
pleasure; for which no good reason could be given,
but that he would have his great name stand alone.
My dismal defeat att Roundway Down was owing
to those heart burnings and jealousies; for the Gene-
ral suffered the enemies horse to pass quietly, and
without molestation, to the succour of their infantry
which lay att the Devizes in miserable plight. *The*
proud have laid snares for me, saith the Psalmist,
and sett traps in my way. So sure was I of victory
that I wrote to Parliament to bid them be att rest,
for that I would shortly send them an account of

*not in
the MS*

the numbers taken and the numbers slaine, but it pleas'd the Lord to turn my victory into mourning, and my glory into shame : with a small number of cavalry I retired to Bristol, and there heard continually of the successes of the royal party; who took heart on this mischance of mine, that had never happened had others don their duty.

15. THE TAKING OF ARUNDELL.

16. THE BATTELL ATT CHERITON.

17. THE TAKING OF CHRISTCHURCH.

18. THE TAKING OF THE PASS ATT NEW-BRIDG.

19. THE TAKING OF SUDELY CASTLE.

20. THE FIGHT ATT SPEENFIELD BY NEW-BERRY.

21. THE BEATING UPP OF COLL. LONG'S QUARTERS, in which Cromwell's horse did good service. And here I cannot but mention the wonder which I have oft times had, to see this eagle in his eirey : he att this time had never shown extraordinary partes, nor do I think that he did himself

John M.

1 near the Devotes.

believe that he had them; for although he was blunt, he did not bear himself with pride, or disdain. As an officer he was obedient, and did never dispute my orders, nor argue upon them. He did, indeed, seeme to have great cunning, and whilst he was cautious of his own words, not putting forth too many lest they should betray his thoughts, he made others talk, untill he had as it were sifted them, and known their inmost designs. A notable instance was his discovering in one short conversation with one Captain Giles (a great favorite with the Lord Generall, and whome he most confided in), that although his words were full of zeal, and his actions seemingly brave, that his heart was not with the cause: and in fine, this man did shortly after join the enemy at Oxford, with three and twenty stout fellows. One other instance I will here sett down, being of the same sort, as to his cunning.

When I tooke the Lord Piercy att Andover, having att that time an inconvenient distemper, I desired Collonell Cromwell to entertaine him with some civility; who did afterwards tell me, that amongst those whom we tooke with him (being about thirty), their was a youth of so faire a countenance, that he doubted of his condition; and to confirm himself willed him to sing; which he did with such a daintiness that Cromwell scrupled not

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to say to Lord Piercy; that being a warriour, he did wisely to be accompanied by *Amazons*; on which that Lord, in some confusion, did acknowledg that she was a damsel; this afterwards gave cause for scoffe att the King's party, as that they were loose and wanton, and minded their pleasure, more than either their Country's service, or their Maister's good.

22. THE INFALL AT THE DEVIZES, and the taking of Major Rowles, and his horse, the remainder of Colonell Long's regiment.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory: for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." Ps. cxv. 1.

"Thine, O Lord! is the victory." 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

Thirde

IN RETURNES FOR PRAIER.

of
the

When it pleased God (after seven years expectation), that my first wife fell into travell, I could not but be very apprehensive of the weakness of her condition; and having retired myself to praier, and earnestly besought God to strengthen her, and being desirous to comfort myself out of Gods word, I tooke the bible to read, and letting itt fall, with

To send my first dearly beloved wife
a great belly and that her travail came
upon her

with some portion



Thus in 1825, After the death of my first wife
(a virtuous discreet loving and beloved wife)
and of my son Richard, which I had by her,

Thus in the 1825. His providence directed
me to the Lady Ann Finch, on whose person my

some passion, upon the table (without any particular designe upon one place more than another) itt opened upon the 128 Psalme, in the singing Psalmes, *but*
 "Like fruitfull vine~~s~~ on thy house side, so doth thy wife *att all upon*
 "spring out," with which being surprised, I presumed *& upon*
 to make a triall, whether itt were more than an accident or no (the good Lord forgive me for that *etc.*
 presumption), and taking upp another bible that lay *further*
 by, itt opened likewise upon the same place: with- *&*
 in a few howers after, my wife was safely delivered. *upon the table*

Not long after this, being at London, I was suddenly taken with a fitt of the stone, in that violence, that itt grew insupportable to me, whereupon I cast myself upon my knees, and besought God for *to have*
his mercy to me, and before I rose upp, my paine *mercy upon*
 was mitigated, and within one quarter of an hower *from paine*
 I was perfectly well.

After the death of my first wife, and of my sqh *le*
which I had by her (both very deare blessings to *he*
me) when I putt on a resolution to marry againe, *on*
 I humbly besought God to provide such a wife for
 me, as might be an help to me in the way of his
 service, and that I might have a religious woman,
 or none, and when his providence directed me to *his*
 Lady Ann Finch, and that all things were agreed *the*
 upon between my Lord her father and me, in refe-

rence to the marriage, upon her motion, she and I agreed together, to sett a day apart to seeke God for his blessing in itt. Itt pleased the Lord to answer our praiers in as full a measure of comfort, as ever was powred out upon a married couple: and though att the first there were some litle differences in our natures, and judgments (as to some particulars) yet within a litle while, that good God wrought us to that uniformity, that I may say wee were but as one soul, in two bodyes.

within of
in a
in praier

After I had quitted the service of the Parliament in the field, and was returned to London, and there settled with my family; my estate began to fall short, part thereof lying in the Kings Quarters; and the rest (through the distraction of the times) affording me very litle subsistence. To supply my necessities, I was faine to sell severall things; and in the end I was at such a pinch, as that without selling my plate (which I had kept as my last reserve of vallue) I knew not how to send to markt: whereupon my wife and I having recommended our condition to God, resolved the next morning to send our plate to the gouldsmiths, and to make money of itt. But the next morning I was wakened by my servant, who lett me know there was one come from Barnstaple with some mony for me. The sum was not above fifteen

prayer was answered with as full a
measure of comfort as ever was poured
down out upon a man and though at the
first there were some little differences in
our natures and judgment (as to some parti-
culars) yet within a little while, that good
God wrought us to that uniformity that I
may say we were but as one soul in two
bodies.

But it pleased the Lord so to order it
by his providence that the next morning
early I was

freed from that exigency



(although his army was overthrown)

both to me and my children

pounds, but that served my present occasions, and before that was spent, I received a further releife, so as I was put to no more such exigencyes:

(Blessed be God.)

reuben MS

When his Majesty was at Worcester, I thought itt my duty to seeke God for him in that distressed condition; itt pleased the Lord to inlarge my heart, with much comfort, and to give me a confident assurance, that I should have an answer of peace. The issue was, that his royall person was miraculously delivered out of the hands of those hunters.

hol in MS

After my returne from D——, when I tooke upp a resolution to marry againe; I besought God for his direction in my choice, who heard my petition, and sent me the Lady Harcourt to repaire the breach formerly made, in my poore family; which was so rich a blessing, that I can never sufficiently acknowledg itt. That God (hearing praier) who hath (with the generall approbation of good men) united us by his sacred ordinance, and made us not only one flesh, but one spirit; one in our affections, judgments, wayes, ends, (as if wee had been both cutt out of one peece) he vouchsafes to preserve us together for the advancement of his service and glory.

Denbigh

2

and the same

"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the
"shadow of thy wings will I rejoyce; my soul followeth
"hard after thee." Ps. lxiii. 7.

"Because he has inclined his care unto me; therefore
"will I call upon him as long as I live." Ps. cxvi. 2.

Fourthly

IN FATHERLIKE CHASTICEMENTS.

c 1. My endeavour to supplant Mr. Yard in his possession of the markett of Newton Abbot, though *upon* a dormant title, yet proceeding from a covetous end, was justly punished, both in the loss of the thing I sued for, and in all that trouble befell me in Kings Bench.

of out of that afterwards in the

2. When out of a covetuous desire to gaine a good bargaine upon Mr. Price his lease by Winchester, I laid down five hundred pounds, as a *claw* upon itt, by way of morgage, God justly punished me both in the loss of the lease, and of my mony too.

8/

3. It was just with God, for the punishment of my giving way to the plunder of the City of Winchester, to permitt the demolition of my house att Winchester.

^ I reckon it among my greatest
blessings, that God would never suffer me
to sin prosperously
I have observed it in these particulars;

not in M S.

(whereof, I was a free man and sworn
to maintain and preserve the good
thereof as far as I could)

Loss of a part of my traine of Artillery.



4. My vanity in furniture, justly punished in the loss of a great part of itt, by the treachery of Ellis.

5. My presumption upon mine own strength, and former successes, justly humbled at the Devises*, by an utter defeat, and att Croperdy with a dishonorable blow.

6. Itt was just with God to lay me by all employment, as a broken vessel, in regard of the corruption of my heart, in my first ingagement, and neglect of reformation in the officers, and souldiery under me.

7. My not attending unto, nor improoving by sermons, when itt pleased the Lord to come under my roofe, and to visit me by his ministers att St James's, was justly punished att Denbigh, by a restraint from all ordinances.

* This was the most heavy stroke of any that did ever befall me; General Essex had thought to perswade the Parliament to compromise with the King; which so inflamed the zealous that they moved that the command of their army might be bestow'd upon me; but the news of this defeat arrived whilst they were deliberating on my advancement, and itt was to me a double defeat. I had nearly sunke under the affliction, but that I had a deare and sweet Comforter; and I did att that time prove according to Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxvi. "A virtuous woman rejoiceth her husband---As the Sun when itt ariseth in the high Heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife." verse 16.

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8. After the end of the warr, that I began to enjoy my estate, and the comforts of my family againe, and upon passing of the vote in the House of Commons of 2500*l.* to be settled upon me as a compensation for my service, I was puffed up with a presumption that I should never be moved, whereupon God most justly within a few months after sent those severall chastisements upon me, banishment, imprisonment, sickness, the death of my wife, poverty.

not in his 9. The not paying my vow, upon the marriage with my wife, justly punished by Gods taking her from me.

AA "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." Ps. cxix. 71.

"Rejoice not against me, O mine ennemy! when I fall I shall arise, when I sitt in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will beare the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, untill he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness." Micah. vii. 9.

MM In ~~acknowledgment~~ of Gods ~~infini~~ mercy and goodness, declared in his ~~many~~ deliverances of me,

1. I. Thus in the Wadsworth MS.

My presumption upon the vote of the House of Commons for 2500^l p annuum to be settled upon me in reward of my services, justly punished with banishment, imprisonment, sickness, the death of my wife, poverty.

Feb. 12. 6 Whome the Lord loveth, he chasteneth

Ps. 94. 12 - Blessed is the man whom the Lord chasteneth O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law

x. Feb. 12. 11. No chastisement for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby.

Isay. 27. 9 - By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin.

MM My Dow 1652

In acknowledgement of Gods infinite

mercy and goodness of which I have
had all these experiences I now



to in MS O. I. S. C. O. S. =.

and in his comforts and blessings to me; particularly, in my enlargement from my long captivity, my returne with comfort to my children and family, and that inestimable blessing he hath been pleased to bestow upon me in a most deare good wife; I vow, by his grace assisting and enabling me, to restraints them in a thankfull memory, and to transmitt the recordation of them to my children, that they may never be forgotten, neither by me nor my posterity.

I humbly renew my vows both againste the practice, or purpose, of every gross sin, or the allowance of any, though never so small; and resolve (so farr as I am able) to shun the occasions of them; and in particular I protest (by the help of the divine grace) against giving any entertainment or lodging in my heart to A. P. S. C. H. W. L.

As a poore thank offering for so many undeserved mercyes, I humble renue the consecration of the tenth of whatsoever I receive in my estate, to pious uses; and (besides the 100th formerly devoted to those ends, in acknowledgment of my deliverance out of prison) I vow one hundred pounds more, as an oblation to God for the blessing and happiness I enjoy in my present married condition, to be employed in such wayes, as I shall be directed by my godly friends. And if I be repaid the debt owing me

100th

from my L.K. I engage myself to dispose forty pounds of itt (with the addition of tenn pounds more unto itt) to the town of Newton Abbot in Devon, for the making upp of their stock, for the setting of the poor at worke, in the workhouse there erected by me. I humbly devote my life to God, who hath so often preserved itt, and so many wayes blessed itt, resolving by his grace to do all I can, for the setting of him upp in my heart; to love, feare, and trust him more; to pray, read, and heare more, and more zealously than I have don hitherto; to walke in my particular calling more uprightly, constantly, chearfully, fruitfully; and to endeavour to become better in all relations, both to the publick, in church and state, whensoever I shall be in a capacity to serve them; and in private, as a father, husband, maister, &c.——

As a father, indeavouring to bring upp my children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, teaching them his feare, both by precept and example, with a spirit of meekness that they may not be discouraged.

As an husband, dwelling with my dear yokefellow according to knowledg, loving her as mine own body, as mine ownself, as Christ loved his Church, so taking care with her for the things of this world,

which was employed



^ Psal. 65.1. Praise is silent for
Thee O God in Sion, and unto Thee shall
the vow be performed.

that as wee study to please one another, we may likewise remember the homage wee both owe to God, and labour above all things to please him.

As a maister, so carrying my self towards my servants, forbearing threatning, giving them what is just and equall, as knowing that I also have a maister in Heaven, and making provision for my family, according to my duty.

^
*I will pay thee my vowes, which my lipps have uttered,
"and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble."
Ps. lxxvi. 13, 14.*

*"I will pay that that I have vowed; Salvation is of
"the Lord." Jonah. ii. 9.*

DAILY DIRECTION.

EVERY day is a litle life; in the account whereof, wee may reckon our birth from the wombe of the morning; our growing time from thence to noone (when we are as the Sun in his strength): after which like a *shaddow that declineth, wee hasten to the evening of our age, till at last wee close our eyes in sleep, the image of death: and our whole life is but this tale of a day tould over and over. I should therefore so spend every day, as if itt were all the life I had to live; and in pursuance of this end, and of the vow I have made to walke with God in a closer communion, than I have formerly don, I would indeavour by his grace,

not in M.S. { to observe in the course of my remaining spann,
or rather inche of-life this daily directory:— 16

† To awake with God, as early as I can, and to consecrate the first fruits of my thoughts unto him

* Ps. cii. 11.

† Ps. cxxxix. 18. Ps. lxiii. 1.

a daily Directory

~~in~~ M.S. ~~erased~~, and altered to a life in little

3 - growth

5 we decline

6 and

9 would therefore to

10 ⁺ Lord teach me so to number my days
that I may apply my heart to that wisdom.
In order to this and in pursuance of the bow

13 ~~God~~ ~~increased~~ make it my daily
endeavour by his grace

1. To awake with God

line 4- be as carefull as I could

H- in margin Ps. 4. 10

L- ————— Prov. 8. 22

line 8- I may justly fear

1 See page 170

No part of what follows here
is to be found in the Wadham
Manuscript



by praier and meditaion, and by renewed acts of faith and repentance, that so God may awake for me, and make the habitation of my righteousness prosperous*. To this end I would make itt my care to lye down the night before in the peace of God,^a who hath promised, that his commandement shall keep me when I sleep, and talke with me when I awake; otherwise itt may be justly feared that those corruptions that bid me *last* good night, will be ready to give me *first* good morrow.

^
[After this follows sixteen pages of text from scripture, and scriptural allusions, under the head of DAILY DANGERS, of which the publisher thought the preceding pages had sufficient, and on his judgment the rest are suppressed. But the writer's concluding reflections on his own situation, and on that of the Protector's, shall be preserved. He speaks of some enmities he had encountered, and continues]

When that poore man who relied on his maister's word, understood that the King had consented to his death, he piteously cried out, putt not your trust in princes; and nearly as good cause have I to say, putt not your trust in Parliaments: I have served

* Job, viii. 5, 6.

Parliament with my blood, and with my estate, and gained nothing the while but mistrusts, prisons, and neglect: att one time so full of my services, they were going to make me General of all their forces, but a panie of my horse which deserted me, turned the tide of their good will, and Essex was taken againe into favour; and then againe as a preliminary of peace, they would have me made a Baron and two thousand five hundred pounds a yeare settled therewith, but on a suddain tooke me into custody, and committed me to the Tower.

Now after all these traverses and manifold injuries both in person and estate, itt hath pleased the Almighty that I am sat down, on the remnants of my fortune, which are yet sufficient for my comfort, sounde in body and minde; and I can see there be those who stand as Job did, even amongst Princes, that may, and that not far off, be glad to be no worse. The humoure of the times doth already begin to change, and the declaration putt forth by Major J. Wildman for which he was confined in Chepstow Castle, speaks the temper of most men. O. C. was derided lately in going to Hampton Court, by one who cried out no Protector, no Roundhead, which he thought fitt to pass unnoted: and not long before, a woman said, as he was going into his coach att Whitehall, that bonny heads were cutt

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off, whilst ugly ones did keepe upon their shoulders. These things are but small, but as the distant speck att sea, betokeneth a storme, so do these speak a *brewing* some where, that may burst out, and overwhelme the helmsman.

“ *Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*” Prov. xvi. 18.

“ *Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud.*” Prov. xvi. 19.

THE END.

3 0062

From the MS. page 25

In my journey when I was conveyed to Denbigh Castle, between St Albans and Foucarter, the Lord preserved me from a great hazard in a passage over a bridge which was so narrow, and open on both sides, that the coach escaped overthrowing to the astonishment of those that saw it, and if had fallen, the height was so great and the water so deep, that in all humane reason, I must needs have perished. - (page 25 is blank)

Page 27.

Gen. 20.15. Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.

In Perills of waters.

When I was a little boy, I was like to have been drowned in a ponde, into which I fell.

In passing a ferry over the Lejonce near Gradisca in Friuli, it pleased God

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God to deliver me from drowning when the boat being overcharged I was fain to leape out, and falling short of the banke, I had been carried away by that swift stream, but that I caught hold of a bough of a tree, which supported me, till I was helped out.

In my march from Gloucester unto Warwick, as I was fording the Severn, at a place neare Gloucester, where on either hand of the passage (which was a narrow banke of sand) the water was of a great depth, my horse fell into a disorder and plunged into the deep water with me (being then in my armes) where I was likely to have perished, if with the blessing of God, he had not swome thorough with me

R 29

Isay 43, 2. When thou passest thorough the waters, I will be with thee, and thorough the rivers, they shall not overflow thee

In Perills of robbers

In the lowcountrys between Arnheim
and



and old Leventer, I was in danger ¹⁶⁴ to
have been murdered by a villain, that lay
behind an hedge in a coppice wood, and as I
rode close by in the adjoining high way, fired
suddenly upon me, the peace took fire in the
pan, but would not off. the Lord preserved me.

In Dorsetshire being benighted upon my
journey (as I was travelling into Devonshire)
where I then lived with my first deare wife)
I was nere being mischeived by a rogue,
for being somewhat wearied and alighting
to refresh myself att the descent of a hill
and my men staying with the horses a
little behinds I walked down alone, sus=
pecting nothing when suddainly out of a
a lower hollow way there crossed upon me,
a man on foot, with his hatt under his arme
as covering something with itt. I demanded
what he was, but he returned only a soft
gumbling answer which I heeded not, and
so walked on, and he kept on a little way
by me; but my men shewing themselves
nere upon the coming down of the hill, he
hasted from me into the woods which were
close by; but my men, in his passage nere
them observed he had his sword drawn,
under his arme with his hatt covering the
hilt

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hille, so that in all probability, if in that instant of time, he had not discovered my men, I had been assaulted by him, when I expected nothing less.

In-MS. page 30

Psalm. 41. 12 The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him. — and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

Psalm. 12. 5. For the oppression of the poore and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord, I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

In perills in the Sea.

In my returne out of Holland into England (about a yeare or little more after the breaking out of the warr in Bohemia) I was very like to have been cast away; after much distress the skippers ran their ~~barke~~ on ground neere Queenborough and I was glad to land there. When thorough the violence of the Army I was inforced to retire into Holland, I ran a great danger by a sudden gust of winde, which had

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had undoubtedly oversett the ship wherein I was, if in that instant (by the providence of God) the rope that fastned the main saile, had not slipt, whereby the saile flying loose, the wind had no more power upon it, and so we came to an anchor

In my passage from Calais to Flushing, I was very like to have been cast away upon the quick sands, called the Portmaerth near Sluice, where the ship struck fifteen or sixteen times, but never stuck. Blessed be God

Math. 8. 27. Even the windes and sea obey him.
 Psal. 107. 23. They that go down to the Sea in ships
 24 that do businesses in great waters; they see
 the workes of the Lord and his wondrous
 25 the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth
 26 the stormy windes. Then they cry unto the Lord
 in their trouble and he bringeth them out of
 27 their distresses. He maketh the storme a calme,
 30 so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
 31. O that men would praise the Lord for his
 goodness.



Rom. 13. 14

Ephes. 4-4

Coloss. 3-14

1 Pet. 3-4

Mrs. Page 75. Thus continued -

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2. To rise as soon as I can, that course being profitable for soul, body and estate. In summer I would be up by five; in winter by six or soon after, if nothing intervene of necessity to hinder me; however it shall be my endeavour to preserve my bed and heart undefiled and to yield as little as may be to the foulding of the hands

3. To be ready as quickly as I can, with a speciall care, while I am dressing my body, not to neglect the adorning of my soul; but to labour about all things to seth that out in the sight of God, by putting on those graces that may make it most serviceable to him; to which purpose by some ejaculatory meditations, and as I had time, I would strive to call to minde the benefit of putting on the Lord Jesus, the new man, Charity, a meake and quiet spirit &c. This should be my fashion.

4. To pray with my wife (if I mit-
ted to do it before I rose) and together
with the confession of ~~our~~ sinners, to
acknowledg the mercy of God to us both

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in bringing and preserving us together,
and in conjoyning not only o^r hands by
his Ordinance, but o^r hearts and affections
by the sacred bond of his love; and to
implore the sanctification of o^r condi-
tion, that this happy union may continue
without further provocations between
us than to love and good works, or
other contention than that between the
vine and the Olive, which of us shall
bring forth the best fruit.

5 To retire into my closett and
there to lift up my heart with
my hands, as an heave-offering to
God in private prayer, and though
I would not absolutely comitt myself
heerein to one place more than another,
yet I would indeavour to performe the
duty in that as constantly as I could,
because I have found there is some-
thing in the place, that makes impression
upon the memory and my thoughts are
easier recollcted, and come in sooner,
where they have been formerly used to a call.

Colus 5-2

Math. 6.7

Eccles 5-2

Colos 4.2

Psal. 65-2

Luke 11.5

Isay 63.16

Luke 16

Psal. 31. 22

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6. In prayer (whether with my wife or alone) to labour to stir up all that is within me, 1. To an awfull reverence of the M^{ty}, power, wisdom and goodness of God, and 2^{dly} To a care, Not to offer any thing hastily before him; Not to use vaine repetitions, and not to aske amies, but to rate my requests to his will, and that in as few words as may be convenient, considering he is in heaven and I upon earth. But yet, not to contract myself as to make an end before I had don, but to continue in prayer and to watch in the same, till I found my affections thoroughly warmed and quickened. For encouragement to this perseverance without fainting I would indavours to make use of these considerations, That: First I pray unto a God that heareth prayer; that heareth when none else can hear (when the children, the departed saints are in bed with him and asleep, ignorant of o^r condition; that heareth, when none else will hear, att midnight, in the darkest time, and is willing to be disquieted, rather than his poor servants should be dissatisfied; that heareth us even in o^r most hasty expressions, as he did David, when we do not so well hear o^r selves, and that is so

Isay 65. 24

Revel. 5. 15

Luther. 2. 14

Math. 6. 8

23

John 17. 20

Hebr. 7. 25

Luke 11. 9

John 10. 9

Heb. 10. 20

Rom. 8. 26

1 Joh. 5

14. 15

24 quick of hearing, that he is ready to ¹⁷⁶
answer before we can call, and to hear
while we are yet speaking. Secondly
15 I pray to a God that commandeth prayer,
and biddeth us call upon him in time of
trouble, with a promise, that he will deliver
us, and we shall glorify him, and that
delighteth in prayer, and (as I may say it)
with reverence) prayeth us to pray to him,
and desires to hear of us, as music
14 to him. Thirdly This God is 1. The Father
and in Christ Jesus my Father, that knows
whereof I have need, before I aske him, and
will minister vnto me, 2. The Son, and by
the grace of adoption, my brother, that prays
for me, and that continually; and is so ready
to open the doore of mercy to me, when I knocke
9 that he hath made himself the doore and the
20 living way to lead me to that doore. 3 The
Spirit and He, my Comforter that prays
in me, and dictates my petitions for me,
helping my infirmities, when I know not what
to pray for. In Sum Fourthly, This may be
my confidence that in what I aske according
to the will of God, I shall be heard: and if
I know that God heareth me, whatsoever I
26 aske, I may know that I have the Petitions



Exeter 12.12

Moat, b 33

I desire of him. His hearing is granting, ¹⁷⁸ and
I may acquiesce in this, that I shall be sure to
have either what I pray for, or what is better, or
what is enough; So that his very denial is not
a grant in *itt*, of that that shall be for my goods.

7. In the next place, except some urgency divert
me, I would apply my self to read a portion of the
holy Scriptures; both beginning and ending *itt*
with some short prayer to God, that he would
putt his law in my heart, as in the ark of his
Covenant, and so illuminate my understanding
that I might see his truth and know his will;
and so strengthen my memory, that I might
retaine what I understand, and so inflame my
affections that I might receive the truth in the
love of *itt* and be carefull to putt *itt* in practise.

8. I would walke halfe an houre and
meditate, of I could ~~upon~~ what I had read.

9. The time intercurrent between these perfor-
mances, and the duties att roome, I would give
either to studge, businessse or company; but
if I could choose the most of *itt* to study

10. Because in reading as well as in making
many bookes, there is no end, and the labour
thereof is but a weariness of the flesh, I would
especially apply my self to the study of Divi-
nity as leading me to the observation of my
Saviour's rule To seek first the Kingdom of God
and his righteousness which is the beginning
of wisdom and the conclusion of the whole mat-
ter. And in this as in all other learning



1 Peps. 4. 11

I would rather affect choice then variety of 180 Authors. Above all bookes my constant delight should be in (The booke) the holy scriptures, as the rule of my faith: and of my life, the daily bread of my soule; and I would so apporportion itt in the reading thereof, that I might not fail thorough itt every yeare. But yet I would not totally lay by the study of morality, but make use of the ornaments of itt as the Israelites did of the iewells of the Egyptians, in a sanctified way, and so that knowledg should still be subservient to the study and practise of piety; the eyes of the handmaide should look unto the hand of the mistress.

11 If I have a speciall calling or outward employment I would endeavour (by Gods grace) to be att work upon itt somewhat every day; and this I look upon as the doing of mine own buisness, prescribed by S. Paul. But I would avoide incumbring my self with multiplicity of buisness, for that kinde of Inagmaticallness seldom effects any thing to any purpose, and indeed is no better then a busy doing nothing.

12. I would constantly observe to have prayers att noone, with my family, and to be present att itt, both for mine own comfort, and the example to my servants, unless I should be forced from itt by an unavoidable necessity.

13 Att meal, though I reckon no diet the best diet, (I mean in a physiciall and regular way) yett I would be so farr carefull to keepe a knife att my throat, as neither to eat ~~more~~ to drinke immoderately, either to the hindrance

Psalm 16, 3

2 Cor. 5-10

1 Cor. 5-11

of Gods service, or mine own affaires or to ¹⁸²
the prejudice of my body or soule

If I would be very wary both att home and
elsewhere, in the choice of my company; and volun-
tingly (as when I travel in a journey) I would associate
with none but those that go mine own way. All my
delight should be in the Saints. But yet (because
(as the Apostle expresseth it) it is impossible all-
together to avoide the company of vicious or
vaine persons, for then I must go out of the world.)
I would in my ordinary conversation labour to
observe these rules. 1. According to the directions
of the abovementioned Apostle to keep a
resolved distance with those that make a
profession of religion, and yet live in scan-
dalous courses; and with such no not to set
willingly. 2. To accompany, as little as I can
with those that are of a vaine conversation, for
that att the best they do but (in a civill kind
of play) steal away times. 3. To order my
conversation so as that either I might be the
better for my company, or my company the
better for me or att least not the worse by my
speech, silence actions or forbearance. To
which end I would endeavour to informe my
self which way the parts and abilityes of
those with whome I am upon occasion to
converse with, are most inclined, and whether
they be eminent or weake and accordingly
if the persons be of an inferiour or equall
condition to myself and in mine own house
or

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Prov. 4. 23.

Psal. 19. 14

or att my table where I may be free) so to 184
Lead and putt on the discourse, that if they have
any thing of value in them, I may give them op-
portunity to disclose and shew itt (which may be
both a civility to them and an advantage to me)
or if they be wanting I may take opportunity
to edify them, as farr as I am able.

10. In reference to the right ordering of my self
in company, I would sett as strict a garde, as
I could, upon my thoughts, words and actions;
1. Upon my thoughts that they might be free
from wicked Atheisme, Pride, Hypocrisy, Cove-
tousness, Wrath, Lust, lightness and vanity.
To this end I would study to keep my heart
above all keeping; 1. By possessing itt with a
deep and awfull apprehension of the Maiesty,
holiness, omnipresence and omniscience of God:
the sence whereof was that, which principally
secured Job from exorbitant fancies. 2 By
sitting itt upon the love of the Law of God, and
how looe I thy Law, said David, itt is my
meditation all the day, where the love and
affection is fix'd, there the thoughts will be
amused, as wheresoever the carcass is, there
will the eagles be gathered together. 3. By
inuring my self to frequent and fervent ejacu-
lations into God, that the meditations of my
heart might be made acceptable in his sight
and this was a piece of Davids method too.
4. And lastly by committing my way to God
according

Prov. 18.3

Jer. 4.14

Psal. 31.1

Eccl. 23.12

1.3 according to Solomons direction, that ^{V85}
my thoughts may be established; and though
I know, I can never keepe the doore so close shutt
but that some wicked or vaine imaginations
will be crowding in upon me, yet by Gods grace
I shall make itt my worke to turne them out
again, so that they shall not lodge within
me; these sparrows and swallowes may
keepe a fluttering about me, my king and my
god, but I hope they shall never be willingly
admitted by me to house and nestle and lay
neare thy altar in my heart.

1
12 2 Upon my words, I would indeavour to sett
a watch upon the doore of my lipps, that I
might not sin with my tongue; 1 By using
wickedly language (words cloathed with
death as Syracides expresseth itt) either
tickling of religion or devotion,
taking the name of God in vaine, either by
swearing falsely or unnecessarily; or men-
tioning itt without reverence; or making a
jest of Scripture phrases. 2 By slanderous
defamatory words, untruths, or truths deli-
vered maliciously or sportingly concerning
others faults or infirmities, bitter spee-
ches, earnest jeasts. 3. By idle and vaine
discourse, not profiting my selfe, nor mi-
nistring grace to the hearers. 5 By words
of heat and provocation in argument with
any (though I be never so much perswaded
of the



Psos. 27.2

Ephes. 6.9

James 1.20

Matth. 12-36

of the truth of that I assert.) for passion 38
never converts reason, and in a disputable
question, I would strive to be moderate in
affirming or denying, least any unexpected ob-
jection or reply should hurt me to shame, by
informing me either to retract my opinion
or to contradict without reason. 6 By unad-
vised promises to any man (much more by
rash vows to God) least I be insnared in
keeping or incur reputation in breaking
them. 7 By vain boasting or much speaking
unnecessarily of any ~~self~~ abilities in myself
(especially in spirituals; or of any thing don
or to be don or undertaken by me, if through
the grace of God actuating my weakness I
have don any thing well, lett another man
praise me and not my own mouth. Yet I
should it not fitt to deny the grace of God in
me or towards me for others; or my resolu-
tions of faithfullness to God and man. 8 By
unadvised disclosing of matters off secrecy
whether concerning my self or my friends
or the publick. 9 By giving myself a liberty
in my family to chide or threaten, knowing
that I have a Maister in heaven, and that the
wrath of man worketh not the righteousness
of God. For prevention of all these evils I
would constantly indeavour to retaine in
memory that speech of O^r Saviour That for every
idle (much more for every wicked) word I
must render an account, and therefore according

Prov. 16. 23

Eccles. 6b

Abso. 24

Ab-3-13

23
to Salomons direction, upon occasions of 90
discourse, my heart should teach my mouth.
3. Upon my actions I would have this regard;
1. Not to ingage in too many friendships, or
to close hastily with any man, till I have eaten
a good deal of salt with him and had good
trial of his faithfulness to God, and of his discre-
tion, and parts and carriage in his civil con-
66
8th section. I would not take the name of friend
in vaine, and therefore according to the advice
of Syracides, though I would hold a faire
and amiable correspondence, with as many
as I could, yet I would have but one coun-
sellor of a thousand. 2 Not to captivate my
self to the friendship of any so as to become
obnoxious to them, whereby they may have
power to undo me, if they should prove
false, but to keep to a middle way in
my carriage, between ungirt and straight laced,
between an open freedom and a close reser-
vation. 3. Not to intermeddle in other folkes
matters, where I have no call, nor power
to do good, yet not forgetting those precepts
obliging Christians to consider one another
to provoke to love and good works, and
to exhort one another daily, whiles itt is
called to day, least any be hardened thro-
ugh the deceitfulness of sin. 4. Not to do
that to another which I would not have
done

Luke 6.31

2 Cor. 8. 21

Rom. 14-16

1 Thess. 5. 22

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21
16
22
den to my self, or mine, but to admeasure ⁹
my actions by our Saviours rule in that particular
and to make that my standard. 5. Not to give
any scandall willingly though never so little
onto any Christian brother though never so weak,
but according to the direction of the Apostle is
provided for honest things, not only in the sight
of the Lord, but in the sight of man, and to take
care that my good be not evil spoken of; to
abstaine from all appearances of evill. 5. Not
to use any recreations or games, but such as are
lawfull, moderate, reasonable and of good report,
and not to spend too much time att them, least
thereby I make myself a looser, though I play for
nothing. 6. After dinner about an houre or so
soon as may consist with the safety of my health
I would againe retire to prayer with the same
cautions above mentioned in reference to that duty.
17. The remainder of the afternoone I would
willingly employ either in study, buisness
or intertainment of company according to the
occasion offered.

18 Upon all emergences I would as often as I
could lift off my heart to God, either by confession
upon any sensible failing (though but in a sinful
thought) or by thanksgiving or request as the nature
and importance of the accident should require.

19 I would carefully observe to have prayer with
my family before supper, or in a fitt time after
and to be present at the duty if I be able.

20 att supper I would indeavour to keep the same
watch upon my self as att dinner



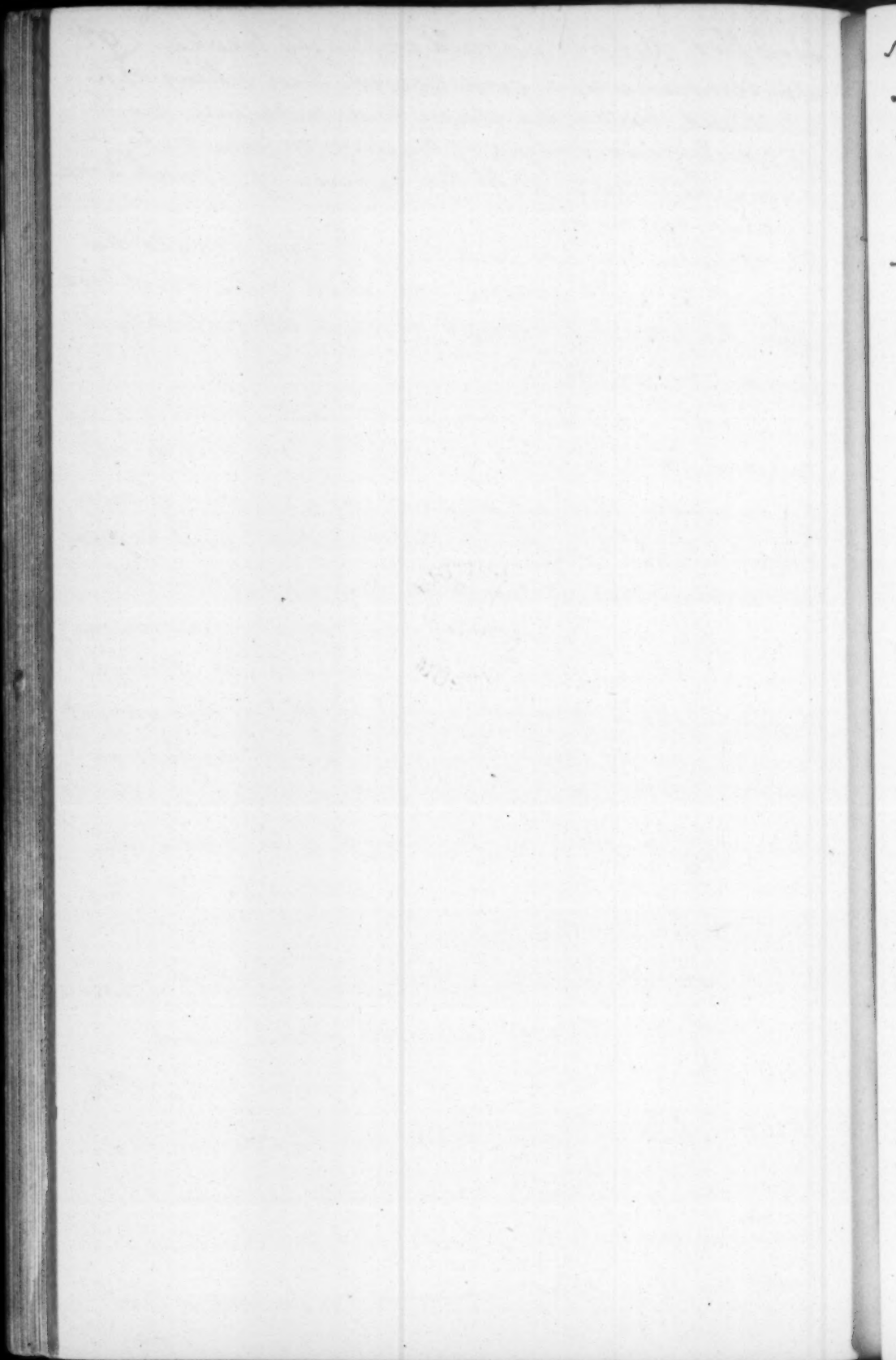
21. After supper I would willingly breake up company in a good hower, least sitting oppo- late should make me sleepy and indispose me to the concluding duties of the day, or force me to re- deeme that time with the expence of 10 much time the next morning.

22. Between supper and going to bed I would be carefull to read againe, somewhat of the scripture after the former prescript or heere ~~it~~ possibly I could observe itt.

23. Before I go to bed I would constantly examine my self, and take a view of what I had don in all the passages of the day past as God did of every thing he had made in the Creation, and as far as I were able to recollect my self I would sum up my ommissions, comissions, ignorances, presumptions; my improvements, or decayes in grace, And according to the state of this account I would frame my prayer, either to confession petition or thanksgiving, so indeavoursing to wash off the soile of the day and to make all clean at even, as in case of pollution itt was observed under the law.

24. I would reckon that day for lost, where in I had not don or received some good

25. Where I am in bed, I would not settle to rest, till I had laid my head in the Bosome of Jesus Christ with an humble recomen- dation of my body and soul into his hands by some short ejaculatory prayer, that



16 closing mine eyes in that tempo, whilst (94)
I sleep, my heart may wake and be present
with him.

26 I would have every thing to be so don by
me, in the name of my blessed Saviour, looking
strength and acceptation only and assuredly
in and through him, and presenting to him, with
the Father and the holy ghost all honor and
glory and obedience and love and trust
and adorations for ever. Amen.

In order to the Sanctification of the
 Lords day, I would observe

1 A due preparation to itt by remembering
(before hand) to keep itt holy, according to the
comandment of God, and the practise
of the Church in all times. both under the
law and under the Gospell, And this.

1 By requesting my thoughts from worldly
cares and distractions, as soone as I can
on Saturday, that so I may have the more
time to sweepe and cleane and garnish
my soul, and to sett open those everlasting
doores

Acts. 10. 33

Eccles. 5. 1.

James. 1. 21.

1 Pet. 2. 12

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Isay. 18. 13

3
doores for the intertainment of the . 96
king of glory. 2 By taking into consideration
that I am to come (according to Cornelius his
expression into the presence of God to heare
all things that are commanded by him to his
minister, and therefore to looke vnto my feet.
before I enter into his house 3. By laying apart
all filthines and superfluity of maliciousnes
all guile and dissimulation and envy and all
evil speaking, that having discharged my self
of these corruptions, I may come with an appetite
and desire to the sincere milke of the word
and receive it with thankes. 4. By observing
in the present frame and temper of my minde
what I want and what I would have supplied
or corrected and accordingly to provide for itt
by prayer, that when I come to the holy assembly
(which is the spirituall markett) I may be
accommodated out of the fullness of him that
filleth all in all things.

2 In the manner of hallowing itt I would
observe these rules

1 Generouly, as 1. Not to shorten itt more than
other dayes, unless upon enauoidable ne-
cessity, but as far as my body and spirit will
quickly leave to enlarge itt, as my delight, by
early rising and sitting up late. 2. To conse-
crate itt as glorious to the Lord and honoring
him not doing mine own wages, nor finding
mine

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mine own pleasure, nor speaking mine own
words. 3. To make use of all private or family
duties, in order to fitt me for, or to improve me by
the publick services of the day, and to be doubly
diligent in the performance of them, as the Jewes
were in their double sacrifices on their Sabbath.

2 Particularly, and that 1. Before I go to Church
to call my family together to prayer to seeke
a blessing from God upon the Ordinance, of
which by his gracious favour we are to be
participants, and to beg the continuance and
enlargement of the Gospell in the purity of ~~it~~
thereof among us. 2. At Church. 1 Before the

beginning of the service, as 1. To lift up my
heart in prayer with thanksgiving for the ho-
nor and happiness I enjoy in my admission
into the communion of Saints and my incor-
poration into the mysticall body of Christ.

2 To spend that time either in reading some
portion of the word, or in holy communication
with those that are neere me according to the
occasion offered, 2 In time of the service

1. To be carefully attentive to the psalmes
and Chapters that are then publickly read
and to endeavour to pick some instruction
out of them. 2 To give the like attention to
the word preached and to endeavour as I
am able, to retaine the sum of it, especially
the



Luke 4. 20

1-Cor. 16-1
1 Cor. 9. 5, 6, 7

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the doctrines and uses, and if I cannot so well follow the preacher in his Method (because it may be either too curious, or too confused) then to marke, what new things he brought out of his treasure, which I knew not before; what grades he exhorted unto, what sins he dehorted from, and to lay up all in an honest heart for practise. 3. To help my Memory and to fix and settle my attention. I would (as I should finde cause) take notes of the principall heads of the sermon, but that briefly, least otherwise I should loose more in my affections than I could gaine in my memory. And 2. I would be carefull to fasten mine eyes (as much as I could) upon the reader or preacher, so the eyes of all that were in the Synagogue were said to have been fastened on Christ whilst he taught; there is not a better way to keep in the thoughts from wandering then to restrain the eyes from gazing. 3 After Sermon I would observe; 1. if there be any collection to give freely without grudging as God hath blessed me with ability; 2 When I come home to retire my self unto private prayer, with a short recapitulation of what I have heard and to request to God to print those heavenly truths in my memory and heart, that I may
retaine



retaine and practise them. 3. For this end 102
to be carefull to make the matter of the sermon
the subject of my discourse and to whett the
remembrance of itt, as much as I could, vpon my
children and family. 4. To eat sparingly that
day at dinner, att least to avoide all excess,
that I might not be clouded with the vapours
and fumes of a full stomack and thereby be
made drowzy and indisposed to the following
duties of the afternoone. 5. Shortly after din-
ner to withdraw to prayer, and to putt my
self into a spiritual posture as to the en-
suing Ordinance and other subsequent duties.
6. To call my family together (if I have time)
to prayer as in the morning. 7. Att Church to
indeavour to carry my self according to the
rules prescribed for the morning. 8. Att
my returne to apply my self to prayer as after
the morning sermon. 9. If the weather be
faire and the season fitt, to walke abroad
in the garden or fields and to meditate vpon
some heavenly subject, or to visit the sick
or to indeavour to do some other good worke.
10. In a fitt time before supper to call my
family together to repetition and prayer.
11. Att supper to observe the same cautions



as att divines and to avoide unnecessary worldly¹⁰⁴
discourse as much as I could, 12. Before I retire, to
call my family together to sing a psalme, and
to indeavour in that duty to consort my voice
and heart together, that with both I may make
melody to the Lord. 13. Before I go to bed to
withdraw to private praier and to call my
self to a strict ~~ex~~amination, what I have
gained or lost that day in my spiritual
condition, and accordingly to reioyce or to be
humbled, to give thanks or to pray for pardon.
14. Before I sleep to joine in praier with
my wife, and to recomend what ever I am
or have to the divine protection, under which
I live, move, rest and have my whole being

The God of Wisdome and grace
teach me to know his will aright,
and to practise what I knowe
to his glory and mine own salz
vation through Christ Jesus.

Amen: Amen.



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